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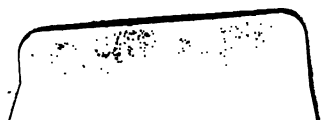

TRAVELS

FROM

BERLIN,

THROUGH SWITZERLAND,

TO

PARIS,

IN THE YEAR 1804.

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

AUTHOR OF THE STRANGER, LOVERS' VOWS, PIZARRO, *&c. &c*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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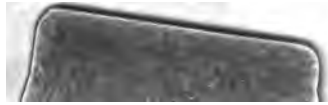

judgment. Not a word have I written, without being persuaded of its truth; but I have written some words that the reader will not find here.

I have nothing further to say, till the tide of time shall alter forms, and the danger of being saluted with a shower of stones from a meteor shall be over.

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

BERLIN,
April 2, 1804.

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JOURNEY

FROM

BERLIN TO PARIS.

CURSORY REMARKS ON TRAVELLING, BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

LIFE has been often compared to a journey; all comparisons are lame; and so is this. What a difference between living and travelling! What prerogatives are peculiar to the latter! The traveller generally knows that he wants to *travel*, and whither; but the poor being is not asked, whether and why he wants to live? Could these questions be asked him before his entrance into the world, he would often reply to the former in the negative; and who can give a satisfactory answer to the latter?

Ah! and what a superior advantage does the traveller enjoy in this respect only, that at his very setting out, he overcomes the bitterness of his journey, the leave he takes of those who are dear to him, and is rewarded at the end of it, by seeing them again; while man tending with every step towards his end, is about to bid his last adieu to those he loves, without any certainty of a reunion which his imagination decks in the illusory garb of hope. We meet again at the end of a journey; we part at the end of life!

Thus in every thing, both great and small, we find a vast difference between living and travelling. The traveller, if overtaken by bad weather, is at liberty to seek the most hospitable inn; but not so the pilgrim on the pilgrimage of life: he is exposed to every storm, and often sinks beneath their rigors. In the cheer-

ing company of an agreeable companion, the traveller seeks and finds recreation; but in the arms of our most faithful associate, we cannot securely yield ourselves up to pleasure; for perhaps the very moment we press him with the utmost cordiality to our bosom, we behold him suddenly droop like a faded flower!—Enough!

Happy the child of sorrow who is permitted to travel! Strange mountains and dales, and what is more, strange faces, strange persons, who know nothing of him, who suspect nothing of what is passing within him; those he ought to seek if he wishes to disburden himself of the oppressive recollections of his life. He whose house should happen to be destroyed by fire, would do wrong to remain sitting opposite to its smoking ruins. Happy I, who am going to leave you.

POTSDAM.

WHAT a bustling throng in the residence of the best of kings; otherwise so quiet! Uniforms of all colours checker the streets, strangers from all quarters crowd to the brilliant spectacle; the hollow drum beats, the cannons roar, and the bells of the Crescent mingle their sweet sounds. The gates are not wide enough to hold the mazing multitudes; they throng, and squeeze; they press, and shove; here pushes an elbow; there grazes a wheel; here a spur gets entangled in the dress of some delicate female; there the head of a horse rests on the thinly-veiled shoulder of another, till at last the big cloud bursts, the wide spreading jaws of its floodgate open, and torrents overflow the hills and the vallies. Now thousands fix their eager looks, elate with joy,

upon the long front extending farther than the eye can reach, with colours waving aloft, and the winged horsemen galloping to and fro. A joyous murmur announces the King's appearance; a single word moves and enlivens the enormous mass, and one soul animates its countless numbers. To me, my dear friend,* the splendid view of our autumn manœuvres was too grand and gay; notwithstanding the loud expressions of joy, I felt agitated, and could not breathe freely, till I had reached the deep and lonely sands, surrounded with pine trees, behind Potsdam.

In Stuttgard too, manœuvres had been practised, shortly before my arrival, of which a poetic editor of a Wirtemberg newspaper declares, that they had *a fine physiognomy*; *manœuvres* with *physiognomies*. The Prussians never car-

* These travels are addressed to a lady.—*Trans.*

ried their scholarship so far. Shortly, perhaps, some military Lavater will travel about, to take *silhouëttes* of manœuvres, and publish a treatise on their physiognomies.

BETWEEN WITTENBERG AND DUBEN.

Did ever a traveller pass over this district without complaining of, and cursing the Saxon roads? Is there any person who has not travelled here, but has had his ears assailed, times out of number, with such complaints and curses? If the Chinese, who, it is well known, will suffer no strangers to reside in their country, were to render travelling difficult to them by bad roads, it would be no wonder; but that three annual fairs should be held at Leipzig, and that many thousands of strangers should be forced to convey thither the productions of all countries, on almost

impassable roads, while the various duties and fees they pay make the treasury overflow:—this is indeed a wonder, which my Wittenberg postilion explained to me in a curious manner. "Why," says he, putting some burning tinder on his pipe, and enveloping my sullen complaints in a cloud of smoke, "if the roads are so bad, and remain so, it is only because the Elector is a catholic; the Prince of Dessau would have changed that long ago," &c.

I certainly should never have sought in this circumstance the reason of the badness of the roads in Saxony. I laughed, yet was vexed to find that a Lutheran could be so intolerant. Formerly the catholics only were reproached with branding people with the name of heretics; but it will shortly be the reverse. Only hear, by way of contrast to the Lutheran postilion, what a Roman Ca-

tholic servant maid said to me at Neuhof, a small town in the district of Fulda. "Is this place catholic?" asked I. "Yes," was the answer. "But not the Prince?"—"No."—"Then he cannot be saved, I suppose?" continued I, joking. "Nay, why not, pray, if he is but a good man? We all wish to go to heaven."—"True!" "But the catholics are the first that will get in?"—"Never mind," said she, "so we all get in." Is not this the true philosophy of life? Yet I assure you, that in other respects the girl's *phiz* looked as silly as that of a goose.

In the wood between Wittenberg and Duben, you read on a board an inscription, forbidding the emigrants from Wirtemberg to injure the trees. Why is this prohibition particularly addressed to these poor people? I will dwell no farther upon it. But that the number

of emigrants from Wirtemberg should be so great, that even in other states particular edicts must be issued relative to their passage, is worthy of notice.

BETWEEN ERFURTH AND GOTHA.

HERE, on an excellent road, you again enjoy travelling; all the comforts which the traveller is obliged to forego in Saxony, are abundantly showered on him in the territories of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. A heavy turnpike duty must certainly be paid; but that does not signify. The frequency of payments is the only inconvenience. Why must one be stopped every moment on the road?

A laudable custom, which had hitherto exclusively prevailed in Southern Germany, is now likewise introduced here. The road is planted on both sides with many thousands of fruit trees; under which the thirsty and weary wan-

derer will, in future, find shade and refreshment. Indeed, a good road, lined with fruit trees, is a nobler monument to the memory of a prince than the most costly summer-house in the Chinese, or in any other style.

It is a pity that sufficient attention does not seem to be paid to the preservation of the young trees on the road to Gotha. Fine large pales are indeed to be seen every where by their side, but being seldom fastened, they bend unprotected before the wind. Nor are the withered trees any where replaced by others. On this occasion I must communicate a thought which has frequently struck my imagination. The cultivation of fruit trees is, doubtless, entitled to the highest attention of a government, as it always considerably increases the store of the peasant, and often even preserves him from famine.

But the preservation of the fruit trees devoted to the public utility is too little connected with the interest of the foresters and high-road surveyors, to procure their utmost care. Hence many thousand young trees, which are besides exposed to the wanton ill treatment of the passenger, perish. Suppose a law were to compel each peasant at the birth of every child to plant a fruit tree by the side of the road, which, duly numbered, would remain his property, but which he would likewise be obliged to rear. What little trouble, unattended with expence, would this occasion, when contrasted with the great benefit a country would derive every year, from obtaining as great an increase of fruit trees as of children! The future produce would really be incalculable. The whole country would shortly resemble a garden; this garden would be a kind of

almanack for the peasants, and every tree would have its friend and protector to grow up with, to cherish and to tend it. Methinks this idea, besides its utility, has likewise something very agreeable, which is not indeed so often the case with many of the ideas relative to rural economy.

GOTHA.

THE seminary of the able Salzmann at Schnepfenthal (of which I may boast by experience, that it makes and keeps the hearts of young people susceptible of all that is good and excellent) is as flourishing as ever, and its blossoms yield fine ripe fruits in many a country.

We cannot speak so favourably of the institutions for young ladies which abound in Gotha. The mistresses are partly Germans, partly French; and they have the great disadvantage for

ladies, that both nobles and commoners are educated on the same footing. Young minds, naturally pliant, easily grow partial to each other, and the young countess cares not to ask whether the father of her bosom friend be only a secretary. But the grown-up countess usually changes her mind, or at least forms other connections, which oblige her to forsake the companion of her infancy. This naturally afflicts the daughter of the simple citizen, and renders her unhappy. She whose lot it is perhaps to superintend the small family circle of an unennobled treasury clerk, leaves a gay and splendid circle, where she roved, arm in arm, with countesses and baronesses, for the homely dwelling of a husband, who makes a low bow if one of the former youthful companions of his dear half happens to pass by.

It requires, indeed, more energy than

a girl is generally supposed to possess, to make her confine herself, without murmuring or sighing, to a way of life so much more restricted. Granting even she should remain single, still the parental home will not be to her what it once was. To be brief, these promiscuous establishments are calculated to develope the shoots of a vice which more easily thrives among women than men—I mean *envy*.

FRANKFORT ON THE MEIN.

You don't surely expect of me to give you a description of the *Römer*, where the newly elected Emperor dines? or of the *golden bull?* or of the slippers of Charlemagne? At the *Römer*, all the emperors that have been crowned since the beginning of the holy Roman Empire are pourtrayed in narrow niches; but, narrow as they are, (for

none of these painted emperors has as much room as a sentinel in his box) not the smallest nook is left for any future Cæsar; a circumstance which is said to have inspired the boasting Custine with the prophecy, that the present Emperor would be the last. Nay, the French, as they have thought fit to restore the Almighty to his rights, will of course alter their mind respecting the Emperor of Germany.

The cathedral contains some fine paintings, but none capital; for if it did, the French amateurs would have removed them.

Gunther de Schwarzburg, an ancient and valiant German knight, hewn out of stone, pleased me the most. It is impossible to represent German valour in a more striking manner.

Allow me to be silent concerning the Frankfort theatre. I have seen a very

fine actor here, whose name is *Werdy*, and a Madame *Müller*, of whom it may justly be said, there are many, very many, Müllers in the world. Her greatest fault was vulgarity. Of late new hopes have been entertained of the theatre of this city, in consequence of the appointment of Mr. Meyer as manager. He is a man of talents, and author of the well known German poem of *Tobias*. Without consulting the committee he cannot, however, either hire good actors, or dismiss bad ones; and thus the new organization labours again under a radical evil.

The foreigners and natives who frequent the fair at this town, have a much more pleasant place for assembling than at Leipzig. It is not an open street, exposed like Auerbach's Hof to all weathers, but a very spacious edifice, in which the articles of luxury fill a large

square. The beauty of its variegated ornaments is heightened at almost every hour of the day by a still more checquered multitude.

DARMSTADT.

THE monument which Frederick the Great erected in this place to his female friend, falls short of my expectation. It is *plainly neat*; of a king I should have expected something *plainly grand*. But for its famous inscription, this little monument would never have been talked of: and as to the inscription itself, there may be people in whose eyes it is no compliment to the Landgravine. *Fœmina sexu, ingenio vir*; in sex a woman, in understanding a man; or in other words, a being of a middle class, between man and woman. It has long ago been ascertained that this heterogeneous mixture renders neither sex amiable. *A virago of* a woman pleases as

little as an effeminate man. To say of a woman she is in understanding a man, is as much as to praise a flower for being in smell an oak.

THE BERGSTRASSE.

For the first time, I rode through this garden of Germany, in which the genius of past ages hovers, as it were, on the hills, beholding the present beauteous appearance of this delightful tract. How all things change in this world! The castles of rapine, which, in days of yore, only terrified the wanderer, now delight him with their picturesque ruins.

O! thought I, may tranquillity smile on our grandchildren in the latter half of this century, as nature smiles to-day on the pilgrim in the Bergstrasse! May the horrors of revolutions then but faintly glimmer before their eyes, like *yon ruins* on the cloud-capt mountain's

summit; and may the memory of those terrors merely serve to heighten the enjoyment of the happy times present!

You see, my dear, I was thinking, where I ought only to have felt. A proof that even the charms of nature, by which the traveller is here surrounded, have not yet been able to procure me any genuine delight. Ah! what is delight without participation? Methinks by it we are chiefly distinguished from the brutes; and even the grosser enjoyments of the senses, eating and drinking, lose the best part of their relish, unless they are seasoned by social love. The virtuous and well-bred man cannot enjoy *alone*. Whatever has given me the greatest pleasure through life, all that afforded me the highest enjoyment, arose from, or was transferred to others. To communicate delight to a beloved object is really a divine pleasure; for he

that created us knew no other. I, who have only recollection left, who am besides every moment obliged to send reason after it in chains—I quitted the enchanting Bergstrasse as a deaf man leaves a concert.

HEIDELBERG.

WERE some unhappy man to ask me where he ought to live, in order, now and then, to steal an hour from lurking sorrow, I should say at Heidelberg. And were some happy being desirous to learn which place he ought to choose, in order to crown every joy of life with fresh garlands, I should again name Heidelberg. A romantic site; mild air; honest people; freedom from restraint; commodious dwellings; cheapness; what advantages! And yet these are far from being all: for Heidelberg affords *a still* greater, that of being in the

neighbourhood of so many fine, pleasant, and hospitable towns.

Should the wretched desire to brood alone over his sorrows, and that is what he always wishes to do at first, let him walk on the charming banks of the Necker, or on the luxuriant mountains, or among the majestic ruins of the castle; or let him make little excursions to Weinheim, Heppenheim, &c. But if once his grief has broken through the pale of despair, if he no longer shuns mankind, and their bustling scenes, he may generally find amusement in the play-houses at Manheim, Stuttgard, and Frankfort on the Mein. He will meet with diversion in Darmstadt, Heilbronn, Bruchsal, Hanau, Spire, Worms, Oppenheim, Offenbach; in short, to the right, to the left, and in every direction.

The ruins of the castle are *unique*; the views around it awake the thoughts of

a better life. The antique subterraneous walks afford employment to a lively imagination. They are said to lead to the town; but, being dangerous, it has been wisely ordered that they should be filled up. A few years ago, an emigrant was swallowed by an abyss, having, with incautious precipitation, preceded his guide. Luckily for him some boys had a little while before followed him begging, and having marked the spot where he disappeared, he was at length extricated. He related that he had walked forward a considerable way in the vault, when he heard at a distance various confused noises, which echoed down upon him from the town. At last he could distinguish the cries of those who were in search of him, and turned back. A rope-dancer likewise, erecting some poles in the market-place, on which to fix his slack rope, was pre-

cipitated into the same vault, where he found some old rusty arms.

The famous ton of Heidelberg is a pitiful curiosity, which does not even interest by its antiquity; for the old ton is gone to pieces, and the elector, Charles Theodore, by building a new one, has not gained immortality. Yet I would advise every traveller to go into the cellar, for he will find something which he does not expect, and which will please him just as it pleased me: it is,

CLEMENS.

I MEAN the wooden statue of an old fool of the electoral court, with a real fool's physiognomy. In this individual we recognize the *genus* at the first look. It is not so much wit (which is never pardoned any truth) as jollity (of which nothing is taken amiss) that lives and speaks in, and out of, this face. In

the mouth of this lusty, well-fed personage, every thing is turned into joke; into home-felt joke; but never into bitter sarcasm. Indeed I should like to have such a fool about me, and I must find fault with all the crowned heads for having allowed such a useful custom to become obsolete.

The statue of honest Clemens is going fast to decay, and surely that is a pity. His physiognomy alone gave me a lucid moment of delight, and I had much rather recall him to life than the celebrated Lady MORATTA, whose monument you find at St. Peter's church in Heidelberg. She died in the twenty-ninth year of her age, and notwithstanding her youth, understood several learned languages. Her husband too, one GRUNDLER, is mentioned in the inscription by her side. You know, I am no admirer of those ladies, who are so

learned, that they make of a husband a mere domestic animal.

If you, my dear girl, ever come to Heidelberg, you will perhaps enquire for the spring called *Wolfsbrunnen*, which was so famous, and so pleasant, and at which our good king is said to have once taken his breakfast. Yes, in those times, lime trees, three hundred years old, formed the dome over the fountain, and their branches had grown so closely together, that they could be used like a floor to walk on, to place tables and chairs on the top, and make merry in the verdant twilight.

The female visitors (so the neighbours relate) sat on the top of the trees, engaged in reading or knitting stockings; or even had a harpsichord placed by them; while the gentlemen played on the flute, among the umbrageous branches: in the cool grotto below, cof-

Before we take our final leave of Heidelberg, I must conduct you to the beautiful bridge, built on the site of that which was swept away by a flood in 1783 or 84. At that time, St. John, to the great joy of all pious believers, remained standing alone upon a solitary pillar. Notwithstanding this undeniable miracle, the good saint was obliged, after the new bridge was built, to give way to the blind heathen goddess *Minerva*.

Facing her, stands the statue of the elector, Charles Theodore. In an engagement which took place last war on this bridge, the goddess was terribly mal-treated with grape-shot, and is now perfectly qualified to be the emblem of the Germanic empire.

MAUREN.

A MAN may be tolerably well versed in geography, without knowing this

little town or village. It is the first post station between Heidelberg and Stuttgard, and was rendered remarkable to me only by an unfortunate old woman.

I consider it one of the fairest privileges of a popular author, to be able, occasionally, by a seasonable word, to draw the victims of misery from their obscure retreats, and place them in the mild beams of compassion.

Entering the parlour of the post-house, I saw an old woman of fourscore sitting before the stove, chewing with difficulty a piece of bread, and drinking a glass of wine. By her side lay a crutch. In her youth she must have been handsome, her countenance was still pleasing, and the silent grief with which it was clouded, rendered her interesting to me. I asked the postmaster's wife whether she was her mother? "No, indeed," she replied, "she is a

very poor blind woman, who is obliged to live on charity, and who calls upon us occasionally, when we do for her what we can."—"But she does not beg?" "No, that she never does; but all who know her, give her something." I accosted the old woman: "Have you been long blind?" I began. "A short time ago," said she, "I could still perceive a glimpse of light, but now this is vanished; yet I cannot die."

Notwithstanding the concern which I seemed to express for her, she would not beg. This moved me: one word brought on another; she related her melancholy story. She had been married to a clergyman in Hanover, had children, and lived happily. Then came on the seven years' war, with poverty and distress in its train. She lost her all, pined in want, and yet kept up her spirits. She beheld her children ex-

pire, and supported them in the hour of dissolution. At last her husband died also: a long illness consumed what little property she had left: she was obliged to quit her place of residence destitute and forlorn.

She was advised to go to her brother-in-law, a counsellor of appeal at Darmstadt. She did not know him personally, and report proclaimed him a strange character. Urged, however, by necessity, she ventured. Being scantily assisted by poor relations ("for," said she, "none of them had any thing to give"), she raised barely sufficient for her travelling expences, and came with the post waggon to Darmstadt.

Trembling she approached her brother-in-law's door. A servant received her with considerable embarrassment, yet shewed her into a good room, and brought her refreshment. She remain-

ed alone several hours; but no brother-in-law made his appearance. Towards night the girl brought her a good supper; but, unable to eat from grief and agitation, she continually kept asking where her brother-in-law was. "To-morrow, to-morrow," said the maid, who perceived her uneasiness, and felt for her; "first take a good night's repose, you need refreshment." She could not sleep. In the morning the servants entered her chamber in tears, announced to her the burial of her relation a fortnight before, and his having bequeathed the whole of his considerable fortune to charitable and beneficent establishments. Here she began to weep bitterly: "and yet I cannot die!" exclaimed she.

I forget how she came to this part of the country, in which she has been starving these fifty years, and cannot die. For a long time she received support

from Heidelberg; but for the last eighteen months that pittance has been stopped. As she sits still without begging, her pitiful form often escapes notice; and she gets little. She is somewhat prolix in conversation, but she relates her narrative in correct language, and with consistency; and the woman of education may be immediately distinguished. She accepts presents with blushing modesty, and returns cordial thanks without being abject. Her wish to die, and her invocations of death, are extremely moving. O how cheerfully shall I forgive the post-master for having left his horses in the field, and made me wait longer than he ought, if this brief and unornamented tale furnish an opportunity to men of feeling, whether travellers or not, of affording relief to the poor blind woman! She will not long prove a burden to her benefactors;

her friend will shortly grant her fervent wish, and softly remove her to her husband and her children.

In this country war has left behind it great poverty, and more enlightened ideas than are necessary for rustics. Swarms of beggars demonstrate the former; a conversation between two peasants, drinking their wine, and eating cheese, proves the latter. "Since the unhappy war," said one of them, "people live four times worse than before; men are no longer what they were; none will assist his neighbour, but every body cares only for himself." (Indeed the grossest egotism is the characteristic of the age we live in.)

NECKARGEMUND.

PASSING through the gate of this little town, I had an opportunity of repeating an old wish, which is, that all those who

desire to place public inscriptions should consult some person who understands the language in which they are composed. Over the gate of Neckargemund is written—*To the honour of the father of the country; to the ornament of the town; sacred to the people.* The middle phrase only is grammatical and rational. If the gate be really a fine structure, why should it be to the honour of the father of the country? It is not a gate of honour, and why should it be sacred to the people? The latter part is quite unintelligible; and all the sense it can have is, that those who pass through ought not to cheat the toll-collector of his dues.

SINZHEIM.

This town now belongs to the Prince of Linange, who must be a good sovereign, because every one speaks of him with affection. The people here are par-

ticularly fond of the hereditary prince, and the bare mention of his name draws a friendly smile from every countenance. Why cannot I say as much of every town through which I passed? In one prevails fear with her iron sceptre; in another the real merits of the sovereign are regarded with indifference, because he keeps himself too much aloof from his people, and bestows his benefits with too great gravity; here a little district execrates the petty despot; there the misanthropy of the prince alienates every heart. How agreeable it is, on the contrary, to hear the subjects of Linange speak with such cheerfulness and affection of their hereditary ruler.

It is a thousand pities that the great should have relinquished the laudable custom of mixing now and then *in disguise* with their subjects! How many bitter but salutary lessons would such a

one, and such a one, and such a one receive! How many blessings would our Frederick William hear from lips which reverence otherwise closes in his presence!

To return to the Prince of Linange. I cannot say I am altogether pleased at his having restored to the Franciscan friars their convent, which still remained unsold. He certainly acted with policy; as by so doing he ingratiated himself with the many bigoted persons with which his territories abound. I should, indeed, have had no objection to it, were they not those identical Franciscans, those useless mendicant monks, who have returned with all their gross ignorance, and already received a novice. They resemble the dry-rot in wood, which consumes all around it till the whole edifice is destroyed. The vegetable which causes it alone thrives, and grows to an enormous size.

HEILBRONN.

It always excites in me a kind of pleasing yet awful sensation to see a paper or parchment with the hand-writing of some celebrated, virtuous character of antiquity. My fancy then pourtrays his form in the most lively manner. On the spot where his hand rested, I actually behold it; the features of his face I see, as it were, in the traits of his writing. For this reason I was glad to see Heilbronn, where I was sure of finding among the records certain letters penned by our Teutonic heroes, Goetz of Berlichingen, and Francis of Sickingen. The next morning therefore I sent to the keeper of the archives, requesting permission to pay him a visit. My request was granted with all possible politeness; but I advise you, if you ever come to Heilbronn, first to enquire whe-

ther the keeper of the archives himself be in the way. At this time he happened to be from home; and his deputy knew absolutely no more than that he was to shew two vaults full of white presses. I must however give him credit for his good intentions; for he looked with much anxiety for what I desired to see, although in vain. He at last confessed his inability, and I was glad to see him take down his ladder.

Thus I can tell you no more of the archives at Heilbronn, than that they comprehend a great deal of paper and parchment.

If I cannot see the letters, thought I, I will at least visit the ancient tower in which Goetz was confined: I will walk and stand on the very spot where this rude but honest man endured the taunts of the senators of Heilbronn. I thought every child could have pointed

out this tower; but found myself much mistaken. I asked at least a dozen persons of different descriptions, none of whom knew what I meant, or had ever heard the name of the honest knight as much as mentioned. Thus it remains a melancholy truth that, in a few centuries, a celebrated man is forgotten in the place where he once lived. Alas! all the great and good actions of man are only for distant posterity; they who surround him, behold them with indifference, or will not see them at all.

At last I found a police-officer who promised to shew me the tower. He went and fetched a large bundle of keys, conducted me, by one of the dirtiest corners of the town, to an old square tower up several crazy flights of stairs, from the terrace or platform of which there is a fine prospect!

"But where is Berlichingen's pri-

son?" He offered to open it, informing me, however, that two criminals were just then confined in it. "What, is this prison still made use of?"—"To be sure!"—"It is not kept, then, as an interesting monument of antiquity?"—"Oh, no: we want room; it has even been divided by partitions, in order that it may contain more malefactors."—"Has it?—then say no more."

I beheld the door of the prison from the outside; it was in the uppermost story, and very low. Goetz, who did not like stooping, must have stooped amazingly when he entered it. I walked indignantly down stairs. What a pity, that centuries have not been sufficient to inspire the Senate of Heilbronn with more respectful sentiments towards Goetz of Berlichingen!

I know but little else to tell you concerning this very ancient town. In one of the churches are the twelve apostles:

guess in what capacity?—As *Cariatides!* actually as *Cariatides!* They with great good nature support the dome, probably as a symbol of christian patience.

On the outside of a house you read, in large letters, that Charles V. was once carried into it on a chair, or litter, in the month of December (probably because he was ill), and that he rode out again in January on horseback (probably because he was recovered).

STUTTGARD.

I HAVE seen the playhouse here. The stage is not striking; and is rendered still more unseemly by a greasy lamp which hangs in the centre. The opera of Achilles was performed, in which I heard a very good tenor-singer of the name of Krebs, a man of a fine figure, and, what is seldom found combined, an excellent actor at the same time. The *chorusses* were both sung and played

well. The rest scarcely deserves to be mentioned.

That Stuttgard possesses a famous collection of Bibles you will read every where: the collecting of Bibles is an amateur's whim, of the motive of which I can form no conception.

HECHINGEN AND DUTTLINGEN.

ALMOST with the same sensation with which I beheld in the latter place the brook which gives to the Danube its name, and which farther on rolls as a majestic river between fertile banks—almost with the same sensation did I view, at Hechingen, the ancient castle of *Hohenzollern*, the mansion of the ancestors of our good king.

It was here that the pure, serene mountain air rendered them hardy and valiant, so as to transmit their virtues in hereditary succession to the present time: and here rises the rivulet, which

now flows so superbly as a great river, between fertile shores! Lost in calm and various meditations, I long gazed on the height with stedfast look; the moon came to assist my fancy, and methought I saw the head of the aged *Thassilo*, covered with a helmet, looking over the hoary battlements: nay, if he could do so, I would welcome him to the prospect.

ZURICH.

I AM now in Switzerland, you see; but do not expect any picturesque description of its great natural beauties. Travels in Switzerland are to be had by the dozen, good, bad, and indifferent; and it is not only an exhausted subject to speak of the wonders of nature in this country, but it had been better from the beginning, if nothing at all had been said of them: for, to be candid, has the *description* of a beautiful district, even *from* the hand of a master, ever con-

veyed a striking image to your mind? To mine it never has.

A person may paint a lake on the right, with its shores interspersed with delightful villas, point out the chain of the Jura on the left, place Montblanc in the back-ground, &c. He may use, on this occasion, the picturesque language of poetry: yet, in my mind, it will produce only a confused image of all these objects—confused, I say, and not even resembling the original: it hovers before me, and in vain I try to seize it.

I have, therefore, always been an enemy to such descriptions. A person ought to see Switzerland with his own eyes, just as he ought to hear a concert with his own ears. He who paints countries with words, does still less than the person who hums a symphony: therefore I neither can nor will say any thing of Switzerland, but that I have

here and there seen spots, where the Almighty may perhaps have stood, when he surveyed the world after the creation, and said: "It is good."

The fall of the Rhine did not exceed my expectation, though I was highly gratified by it. Many travellers have endeavoured to represent to me the effect of this view as inferior to what I found it in reality. It is a grand sight, of which no pen ought to attempt the description. I was much charmed with the environs of Zurich, and perhaps more so than with any other place, as my stay was rendered additionally interesting by the worth of the people.

The perspective from *Bugeli* across the lake, of the ice-clad mountains, is extremely captivating; but the prospect from the apartments of the inn, bearing the sign of the Sword, at which I put up, is more attractive, or at least more

variegated. This perspective has often been mentioned *en passant*. I will more circumstantially—not describe(God forbid), but only mention all that is to be seen.

The room is a corner room. If you open a window to the left, you see the river *Limmat* below you, with a very broad bridge over it, lined on both sides with women selling fruit and vegetables, with groups of French chasseurs walking among them. The main-guard of these soldiers is on the opposite side of the bridge.

You cannot conceive what stir and bustle prevail here. Downwards, to the left, you see, along the river, two long streets and a part of the town. If you open the window on the right, you behold, at your feet, an open country, and straight before you the Lake of Zurich, surrounded by charming villas, and

skirted by the Alps, on whose summits the snowy cliffs rear their hoary heads.

This amphitheatre, forming a contrast of polished and rude nature, together with the bustle of men immediately below, is incomparable. The beautiful walks about Zurich would even tempt the gouty to exercise.

Gesner's monument is a performance of such simplicity and neatness, that you can scarcely withhold the tribute of a tear. It is a pity that the French chasseurs, who have now no other opportunity to perpetuate their name, endeavour to do it upon this marble. In many parts I found scrawled the *13th regiment of chasseurs*, which is really as opposite to the world of Idyls, as a musket to a rose-tree.

In the library there are a great many books: an ordinary traveller can seldom

say more of such an establishment. A couple of letters, in the hand-writing of the celebrated Jane Grey, interested me. They are on religious subjects, in very good Latin, and as finely written as if by the hand of a writing-master.

I had but a hasty glance of Lavater's cabinet of physiognomy. What is most remarkable in it does not so much consist in the multiplicity of faces he has collected, as in the superscriptions with which he honoured every significant or insignificant countenance. Sometimes it seems to have cost him a great deal of trouble to compress much of what is rare in obscure or new-fangled words.

The temper of the Swiss still resembles the ruffled surface of the deep, out of which a subterraneous fire has suddenly projected some rocks, against which the confined surges dash their impotent spray. The walls of the public-houses

are often covered with bitter sallies, which are sometimes not without point.

The Swiss cherish the most inveterate hatred against General Andermatt, the bombarder of Zurich. He lives retired at his country house, where he is skreened from the general contempt.

The Swiss do not speak favourably of the Russians. They praise General Korsakow for his love of literature and the sciences, but they will not allow him to be a good general. Being once informed that the French had occupied a mountain which commands Zurich, he answered: *Tant mieux! C'est la que je les attendois!* "So much the better! It is there I expected them." He was soon afterwards compelled to retreat, and that without knowing through which gate he was to effect his flight. The people of Zurich were obliged to shew him the way. On this occasion he lost his bag-

gage; the French hussars took a great deal of booty, and had so many cumbersome French crowns in their caps, that they gladly gave from ten to fifteen of them for one *louis d'or*, finding it more convenient to carry off the gold. If you wish to hear many remarkable ancedotes which have not yet been made public, but which throw great light upon the events of that period, you ought to go to Zurich.

BADEN IN SWITZERLAND.

HERE I found posted up an ordinance of the *tribunal* of manners, which pays no compliment to the spirit of our times. It enjoins a proper celebration of the Lord's-day; prohibits gambling, dancing, shooting, fishing, swimming, &c. on Sundays; and orders all married citizens to go to church in *cloaks*, and the unmarried in *coats*, not in *jackets*. The

women, it farther says, will observe in their dress that decorum which is due to the sanctity of the place, to the purity of their sentiments, and to *modesty*.

I should indeed like for once to see our great great grand-mothers attend divine service, along with their half-naked great great grand-daughters; how quickly would they return to their graves, and lie down on their faces, that they might not be obliged to cry shame upon our youthful females, who have bidden adieu to modesty!

It does credit to Switzerland to have tribunals of manners; it shews at least an *attempt* to preserve them. I know of no other country in Europe that now boasts of such institutions. Decayed buildings are usually propped up, that they may not overwhelm the unwary passenger. But degeneracy of manners, which only poisons the mind, is suffered

to extend its ravages, like the fir-caterpillar a few years ago, till men become as sapless as the trees in a rifled wood.

BERN, LAUSANNE, GENEVA.

WHAT more can I tell you of all these cities, than that I have visited them, and seen what hundreds have seen before me? The towns are not to be reckoned among the beauties of Switzerland; they are, particularly the greater ones, old, winding, and intersected by narrow, dirty streets, which the high houses completely deprive of the benefits of a free circulation of air. Wholesome as the air of Switzerland may be without the gates, it is certainly no less unwholesome in the towns, excepting in the smaller ones, on the lake of Geneva, called Morges and Rolle.

I was particularly pleased with the idea of seeing the *bone-house*, near Mur-

ten, celebrated for three centuries and a half, where, after the great victory gained over Charles of Burgundy in 1476, the bones of the slain were collected. Alas! the spot hardly remains perceptible. The French demolished it last year, dispersed the bones, or threw them into the lake. Why? they themselves probably cannot tell. They seem frequently to be seized with a childish love of destroying. Meanwhile, there still remain ribs, skulls, and bones enough on the place, with which no one meddles; so that it will very likely be distinguishable yet for some years.

At Geneva I saw an excellent historical picture, by St. Ours the painter. This being the only kind of painting of which I am an enthusiastic admirer, but which I find so little cultivated, the sight of it was a real treat to me. It is very large, covers a whole wall, and re-

presents the Olympic games, at the moment the victor has overcome his third antagonist, who, having fallen down, still supports himself on his athletic arm.

He advances to the judge of the combat, and demands the prize. The judge takes the crown, the people around shout applause, and the conquered are carried off the field. The enraptured father of the conqueror stands among the spectators; Socrates is present, and the priestesses of Ceres, the only females permitted to attend at the games, sit by the judge's side.

The artist has represented these priestesses as young maidens of exquisite beauty, and their charms are heightened by the costume. One of them rises involuntarily from her seat, her posture bending with a lovely *naïveté* toward the victor, seems to imply that she feels more interest for his person than becomes

her sacred profession, and one of her sisters gently draws her back. This group, charming as it is, appears however to be a fault in the picture, as it draws the eye from the principal figure, and attracts and reattracts without ceasing. The conqueror too is, perhaps, somewhat stiff, and the colouring of his body is not the best. But, thank God, I am not connoisseur enough to criticize. *I have felt*, and that is enough.

From St. Ours I went to the celebrated Deluc, a very ingenious old man, who, with the utmost readiness, shewed me his fine cabinet of fossils, lavas, and shells. I am sorry I understand so little of this science. He made violent objections to the hypothesis, that the *moon-stones*, as they are called, are really projected upon the earth by volcanoes in that planet. He is of opinion, that the law of gravitation will not permit even

a single atom to swerve from its planet. What he says concerning volcanoes in general, and their origin, is extremely interesting. Without brine or sea-water, he is of opinion that no volcano can exist, and that they will always be found in the vicinity of the sea; that sea water is absolutely necessary to create such a ferment; that at first every volcano is but a hole in the ground, which becomes a mountain by the eruptions continued for thousands of years.

When I objected to him with a smile, that, in this manner, it would require an infinite time to form a mountain like Mount Etna, and that this must make one suspect the truth of the scriptural account of the age of the world, he denied what I said, telling me, that the volcanoes had perhaps already from the beginning commenced forming *under*

the water, which was proved by the many marine animals found on the summits of mountains. I should like to have listened to him for hours; but unskilled as I am in the science, I could not give you a faithful report of what he said.

I found the theatre at Geneva indifferent. Among other pieces, was acted *Monsieur de Crac dans son petit Castel*, when I saw several good comedians. The mayor's box looks like a parrot's cage, being twisted all round with wire; a singular mark of distinction. The slovenly fashion among actors, to tear holes in the curtain to pop their noses through, is prevalent here also, but care has, at least, been taken to prevent the holes from becoming slits, they having been bordered with tin.

In Berlin the public are indebted to Iffland (to whom they owe many

things) for the correction of this indecency. I would much rather have seen Mont Blanc than all the decorations of the theatre at Geneva; but it would not favour me with throwing off its cloudy mantle. But this venerable mountain will, no doubt, remain on the same spot; and I hope to find it some other time.

I missed another curiosity of Geneva, to my great regret; the celebrated authoress of *Delphine* had also wrapt herself up in her veil, and was gone, I know not whither. To procure an adequate compensation for this disappointment, I went to *Ferney*, and entered its sanctuary with a beating heart. I had seen the model of it at Petersburgh, in the palace of the Hermitage, and was disappointed in the expectations I had formed of the building; in fact, the picture

of a town generally appears handsomer than the town itself.

It was not for the sake of what is called the castle of Ferney that I came hither; I wished only to enter the place where Voltaire had lived, walked, and composed his poems; I wished to feast on the sensations which, in such a place, a suceptible fancy so easily creates. The house now belongs to a merchant whose name I do not recollect; but he shews respect for Voltaire's memory, by leaving his bedchamber exactly as it was when inhabited by the philosopher.

There I still found his bed with the faded curtains of yellow silk; there still hung *le Kain's* portrait, that of Frederic the Great; a piece of embroidery of the Empress Catherine, and many other articles of the same kind. In a niche was an urn, in which his heart

had been inclosed, with this inscription: "*I am satisfied since my heart remains among you.*"

In another room we found a billiard table on which he used to play, and—a living relic, too, walks about the house, an old priest, who had lived nine years with Voltaire. I cannot find words for the peculiar melancholy cast of my feelings. You, dear madam, who are so rich in tender sentiments, perfectly understand me, even without utterance.

Here ends my descriptive tour through Switzerland; which you will surely not tax with prolixity. Should I once make a journey on foot through these romantic regions (and this is my firm resolution) then I hope to feel still more than I shall write.

Switzerland ought to be traversed on foot; to travel in a carriage is extremely tedious and very expensive. If a Swiss

coachman has jogged on four or five German miles a day, with his well-fed horses, he thinks he has done wonders, and three crowns must be paid him for his two beasts, and as much for the following day, when he returns empty; at the same time, you are obliged to dine and to stop at night wherever he thinks proper, and must suffer yourself to be cheated at the expensive inns. This happened, contrary to my expectation, less frequently in the small towns than in the best inns of the great ones, which were often greatly inferior. Almost every where I found the accommodations bad; one instance will serve for many.

At Lausanne, I alighted at the Golden Lion, which Reichardt, in his *Guide des Voyageurs*, calls the *best inn*. "Have you any room?" I asked the waiter, who came up to the coach door.—"Yes."—

" But," continued I, (having been imposed upon before by such answers) " have you *good accommodations?*"—" *O! yes!*"—" I want two apartments."—" They are at your service." He conducted me up three pair of filthy stairs, through a variety of dirty holes, and showed me one room. " Where is the other?"—" *Twenty yards farther.*"—" I wish them to be close together."—" *They are not to be had.*"

Well, I put up with these; but found neither of them had a table in it. At last the tables were brought. I ordered tea, which was brought me at the expiration of an hour. " At what time to-morrow morning can I have coffee?" I asked. " As early as you please."—" At five o'clock."—" Very well."

The morning came; but no coffee. I got up to ring; but there was no bell. Some hot embers appeared still glowing

under the ashes. I went to light the fire myself, but—there were no bellows. At last my servant brought coffee at six o'clock. "Why so late?" asked I.—"Every body in the house is yet asleep, and the scolding cook was obliged to be drummed out of her bed."—"And the waiter, who promised yesterday?" "He is asleep."—"And the porter, who is to make the fire in the stove?"—"He is asleep also."

All these neglects are trifles, if you will; but you must own, that they are apt to provoke, especially where, in spite of irregularity, one is obliged to pay dear beyond example. In the same house they made me pay one frank for a wax light; for a supper of three dishes, a French crown per head; and so on in proportion.

For a man accustomed to rise as early as I am, it is very unpleasant to find

people sleep so long as in Switzerland and France. In Geneva, where I put up at the sign of the *Balance*, the waiter plainly told me, that he could get no coffee so early, for the Russians and English drank it much later. It is best for a person to carry every thing with him, to warm the room with his own materials, to strike a light, and to boil his coffee in the chimney.

In travelling it often happens that we find things very different from what we expected. Thus, for instance, I was much afraid of the French custom-house officers, having been told that they search very strictly, throw every thing into confusion, and are extremely insolent. I found them the reverse in every respect. The custom-house officers on the frontiers were very polite, cast a glance upon my passport, merely opened my trunk, and did not detain me five minutes.

The searchers took a trifle; but another officer present was almost offended, when I was going to make him my best acknowledgments, and to put something into his hand. According to certain modern accounts, I was afraid lest I should be obliged to deposit one half of the value of my carriage; but nobody thought of asking it of me. This law applies only to carriages imported from England.

CERDON.

I WAS most agreeably surprized on my way from Geneva hither. I was ignorant that I should see such districts, as leave every thing I saw in Switzerland far behind them. Every one who traverses that country has something to say concerning it; thinking he has been admiring the most splendid scenes which nature exhibits; but most travellers

would, like me, be amazed, were they but to continue their route to Lyons,—winding their way through fort *L'Ecluse*, where, between the ruſhing Rhone and the towering rocks, the way seems closed even to the sliding lizard; were they to see the wild, the awfully romantic and rugged cliffs, from which, at small distances of scarcely one hundred yards, the water sometimes furiously precipitates itself, sometimes trickles down, but often only oozes through the stones, and decks whole mountains with a glistening brilliancy.

Thus you proceed as far as the neighbourhood of Avranche, constantly beholding under your feet, the thousand meanders of the hoarse Rhone, which vainly tries to dash its foam over the countless vineyards, till at length it rushes, roaring, into an unfathomable abyss of rocks, and vanishes entirely.

stolen from frowning nature, are surrounded by cold marshes.

The road again winds; you are presently in the middle of Nantua, a gay, little town, in spite of the rocks which rear their crags above all the houses. No sooner have you passed this place, than you are again surrounded by scenery wildly picturesque. It is no longer composed of wavy ridges of mountains, but is formed by stones of extraordinary figures, which stand upright, and which some revolution of the earth, in the dark ages of antiquity, has placed in their present situation—figures, which you are sometimes ready to swear are gigantic statues, the workmanship of some barbarous period. Beyond Nantua to the right, for instance, you see the figure of a giant on a cliff, who, like the king of the country, has surveyed,

perhaps for thousands of years, the surrounding districts.

You then discover, here and there, ruins of old castles, cliffs, and caverns; to reach which it is necessary to be drawn up with ropes; deeply furrowed rocks, ploughed for centuries by showers of rain, interspersed with vineyards and new crosses, the evidences of industry and returning piety. You at length reach a very narrow, cold valley, shaded by gloomy pine-trees. It is closed at the extremity by rugged rocks; and behind this craggy wall nature, enthroned in all her majesty, has reserved for you the most enchanting spectacle.

Stepping, as from behind a scene, you suddenly behold a narrow, smiling dale; you see on the left cascades, great and small, precipitating themselves from higher or lower ranges of rocks; large and small brooks murmuring

down, and uniting at the bottom, meander through the verdant meadows. Behind rises a decayed castle, on a cliff, almost entirely excavated by the water; and farther on to the left are the ruins of another castle, to which the watch-tower, on a more distant ridge, and still in good preservation, no longer affords protection. On the right you discover steep detached rocks, resembling a wall of freestone, and at top forming a menacing vault, beneath which the traveller steals with horror; for here and there detached masses of stone which have fallen down, seem to warn him of the danger.

Yet beneath this terrific vault the blue fruit of the vine is still seen to sparkle, and close to its brink stands a new house, raised high into the air by the projecting stones: the back ground of this divinely beautiful valley is closed

by the little town of Cerdon, and its hospitable white houses.

Pardon me, if, unfaithful to my resolution, I have almost been betrayed into a description. Alas! here it was that I again, for the first time, experienced a sensation of returning serenity. Really the beauties of the road from Geneva to Cerdon are alone worth a journey; and particularly during the vintage, when gay groupes are every where in motion, and every one confesses, laughing, that he has not vessels enough to collect the blessings of nature. You meet every moment large waggons containing open casks full of grapes, or observe barrels standing in long rows by the road-side. Both old and young are occupied in pressing the fruit. If the sight of it tempt you, and you are thirsty, you need but to ask. A fair labourer immediately appears, and presents you with

a basket full of picked grapes. *Prenez tant que vous voudrez*, says the owner of the vineyard, *vous ne payerez rien*. That is, take as many as you please, they will cost you nothing.

Beyond Cerdon, the country becomes more level and more pleasant; but the chain of snowy mountains, resembling lucid clouds, which you descry on the left, at a vast distance, still continue to impart to it a character of majesty. It is a pity that this superb road should so often be interrupted by villages and small towns; or rather that travellers are obliged to pass through them; for I have scarcely seen any thing more filthy than these dwellings, even in Poland.

LYONS.

This great city might justly be called one enormous shop, for I saw scarcely

a house in which there was not something exposed for sale, excepting the buildings destroyed during the revolution, and which, alas! are very numerous.

The ruins of a Roman aqueduct are magnificent, and excite a pleasing surprize. The antique Roman bath is insignificant, and at present remarkable only for the vineyard with which it is covered. It is certainly in excellent preservation, thanks to its excellent *cement*, which my guide assured me that even the all-destroying jacobins had, with their sabres, vainly attempted to scratch to pieces! He shewed me several traces which those Vandals had left behind.

In one of the churches are four fine columns, which I believe once supported an altar to the Emperor Augustus; but vandalism is still active—for I just then found some workmen occupied in hew-

ing holes in those hard pillars, with excessive labour, in order to fasten an iron grating in them, which they might just as well, and much more easily, have fixed in another manner. Similar attempts have unfortunately too often been made; for in the same columns I found the marks of several holes filled up with mortar.

A charming walk, by the river side, leads to the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, which does not however afford a view by any means so pleasing as the conflux of the Rhine and Mein. The quay, which a friend of mine once declared to be superior to that of Petersburgh, cannot be compared with it. In the one, the broad and majestic Neva, with palaces on both banks; in the other, the narrow Rhone, with houses generally of a mean appearance: in the one, a pavement and ballustrade of gra-

nite; in the other a footpath of flag-stones, without a railing: in the one the river covered with ships and elegant yachts; in the other wide flat boats, in which long rows of laundresses beat foul linen upon benches, and then hang it up to dry in sight of those who are walking.

In a manufactory which I saw, they were then making window cushions for Buonaparte to rest his arms upon; they were upon a blue ground, richly embroidered with gold and silver, and certainly cost a larger sum than the pay of this extraordinary man at one time amounted to.

The theatre at Lyons is in every respect of the middling kind. The piece that I saw was *Eugenie;* the part of the first lover, Lord Clarendon, was roared by a man of threescore; and the more desperately he vociferated, the louder

were the audience in their mad plaudits, even when they could not hear a word; for the noise was at times greater than it is occasionally at Berlin, which is saying a great deal. Every one here inveighs against the revolution, either from conviction, or because it is now the fashion. Many vestiges of revolutionary manners, however, still exist. For example; people of all classes no longer take off their hats; even porters and poſtilions come into your apartment with their heads covered. If this were only a fashion, it would not signify, for ladies and Turks never take off their hats; but in as far as it is a token of their boasted *egalité* and *fraternité* it is absurd.

BETWEEN LYONS AND PARIS.

If you ever make a tour through France, I advise you by no means to

travel in your own carriage with post horses, for you will spend twenty times as much as you intended, and there is no end to vexation and imposition. In the first place, the regulations of the post, relative to the number of horses you must take, are the most singular in the world: you are made a complete prey to the post-master. Two persons must take three horses and pay for four; three persons must take four and pay for five, and so on. In this respect no regard is paid to the carriage of luggage, be they ever so light. In Geneva they put two horses to my carriage, and indeed I wanted no more. Some stages they gave me three; in Lyons four; and here I was obliged to pay for five: at last they even forced two postilions upon me, for the sake of the double drink money. Then comes the turnpike toll, paid at the

gates erected at every league, and each time amounting to twelve sous.

But this is not all! You give a louis d'or to be changed, they bring it back a quarter of an hour afterwards, saying, it is too light. You are obliged to lose from twenty to forty sous upon it; or they even say it is a bad one, having changed your good louis for a counterfeit, as I actually experienced. Or if you pay in crowns, they will refuse them, because they are clipt. If you give small money they will return it, under pretence of its being too smooth, the impression must not be in the least effaced. If, on the contrary, you tender gold for change, you get a good handful of this smooth coin, and if you refuse to take it, they prove to you that it is good, piece by piece, and that every person is obliged *by law* to receive it; but should you happen, a few mi-

nutes afterward, to offer it again to the same person, he will decline taking it, saying, *ce n'est pas marqué!* It is not marked! You may put yourself into as violent a passion as you please, but it is of no use; and you are sure at last to reach Paris with a pocket full of smooth coin.

This is not all. If you travel post, it appears to be a summons for all the inn-keepers to cheat you in the most bare-faced manner. You will scarcely think it possible, that in a small town I once paid two French crowns for an omlet and a bottle of ordinary wine, which usually costs eight or twelve sous.

In great towns and inns the evil is carried to its height, by the insatiable greediness of the menial servants. In Lyons, for instance, there were no less than ten persons who teazed me for gratuities: the cook; two house-maids,

who lighted the fire and served dinner; a chambermaid; another girl that brought the tea and coffee; several porters; the coachman; and finally, a groom, who had cleaned the carriage. There is no other way of getting rid of them than distributing money by handfuls. These excessive calls upon the purse of the stranger partly arise from the great poverty which prevails, and from the small number of travellers, which is a universal complaint. The English, who otherwise travel the most, are now prevented; and many other persons fond of travelling are deterred by the war. The shameful extortion of innkeepers and post-masters is the reason, on the other hand, why the most affluent and respectable persons in France do not travel post.

Numberless diligences, *berlins*, and cabriolets, all very convenient, hanging

on springs, and going faster than post-chaises, are to be met with on every road. The traveller, if he love ease, may order more places than he really wants; nay, he may take a whole berlin for himself, and it will never cost him one half of what he would have been obliged to spend in travelling post. In all the inns he finds a good table at a very moderate price; the conductor pays for, and takes care of every thing; he has nothing to do with the postilions, nor with the repairs of the carriage. All vexation and imposition is thus obviated; and I would advise every one to leave his own carriage at some frontier town, especially if, like me, he should have bought it at Berlin, for the iron forged there is frequently so soft and bad, that repairs become necessary almost every moment on the high roads of France, where a blacksmith has often

THE STREETS OF PARIS DESCRIBED:

IN

FOUR LETTERS TO A LADY.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND!

THE proverb, "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are," is perhaps liable to many exceptions; for only very independent men are at liberty to choose their company. I should like to propose another proverbial saying; "Tell me how your room looks, and I will tell you what kind of man you are." These two exceptions may sometimes belie the rule; but,

upon the whole, I challenge every reader to look about among his acquaintance, whether the appearance of the room does not frequently resemble the character of its inhabitant ?

You ask me: why this introduction ? My answer is, We are now in Paris: the capital is, as it were, the room of a nation ; and if I succeed in making you a little better acquainted with modern Paris, I am also of opinion, I shall have partly pourtrayed the French nation.

Please to favour me with your arm ! For what ? To take a walk through the streets of Paris in this fine autumnal weather. You will not be sorry for it. No foreigner should neglect such a walk; for the quays, boulevards, &c. present the most entertaining spectacle from morning till night. As often as the weather permitted, I rambled about on foot, stopped wherever a little crowd

was gathering; I looked, I listened, gaped too, if you please, amused myself like a prince, and often picked up a grain of experience to deposit in my memory.

Behold in one place a wheel of fortune made of glass; are you not surprized? Here extremes meet; one of the most enlightened nations of Europe seems likewise to be the most superstitious. At the corners of every street, you find cunning people, who in every possible manner allure passengers, to announce to them infallibly, what numbers will be prizes in the next drawing of the numerous French lotteries; and such a prophet has always a crowded circle about him. This dirty wheel of fortune has a hole on the top; the ragged fellow who stands behind it, has made a kind of an instrument of the back bone of a goose, which he applies

to the hole with great gravity, and almost without moving his lips imitates the speaking of Punch, which sounds exactly as if some little demon were sitting in the wheel, and addressing the auditors. If the curious draw near, the goose's bone suddenly jumps off the hole, and the ghostly voice invites the bystanders, whose hands are already in motion, under the most splendid assurances of drawing the numbers which are to be prizes. Two sous is the usual price of all such never-failing prophecies.

A little farther another has a large board with *letters* exposed. Tell him only your initials, he immediately draws your name from the board, and in a hole behind it, finds you all you desire to know. This way of divination has been found too simple by a third. Behold that table where all sorts of neat little

figures are driven round by clockwork. At first sight, it does not look at all like the sanctuary of a lottery prophet: but you will soon perceive, that on the middle pole which goes through the table, a zodiac is fastened over the puppets, in which the months are inscribed, and which turns round with them. Higher up you behold another circle bearing the ninety numbers. Now only please to touch with your finger the puppet you think most endowed with the gift of soothsaying; for instance, this Turkish Emperor, who holds his sceptre so majestically high; all the figures immediately begin to run, the zodiac turns round, as do the numbers, and you wait in patience for the result.

Now the clock-work is run down, the Emperor of Turkey stands still and points with his sceptre to the month of August, exactly above which is No. 78.

Can any thing be more natural and certain than that by taking this number for this month, you will win great sums upon it? You laugh that people should thus seriously give themselves up to children's play. Begging your pardon, is it, in fact, doing more than a philosopher, who, taking his chair, draws up with two demonstrating fingers the curtain of futurity, as he would unroll a piece of paper?

Let us go farther, and see the brilliant inscription: *The golden chain of fate.* This valuable chain consists of ninety cases, or wrappers of gilt paper, which are wound on a wheel, like yarn to be unreeled, and turned by a blind man. You choose one of these paper cases, the blind man opens it, and the number it contains again makes your fortune. But should you be absolutely determined not to make it in the lottery, you will

at least be curious enough to learn your future destinies, and the past likewise if you please.

In front of the *Pont Neuf* stands a conjuror, who expressly announces himself to be *privileged by the police*, and who has devoted his talent chiefly to the lottery, as men had much rather win money, than look into futurity. At your desire the same personage opens you the book of fate for two sous, and with wonderous fluency of speech, relates to you all that *has* happened and *will* happen. Though twenty people, one after another, different by profession, age and sex, should all appeal to his skill, it does not put him out of countenance; he stares at one after the other, reads in their eyes and whole countenance, speaks to each for at least two minutes, is very grave all the while, makes use of the choicest terms of language, says in about

half an hour, (so long I imagine I staid) certainly not the same thing twice over, never stops or stammers, makes a slight bow at last; asks for nothing, addresses those who follow, takes what the preceding drop into his hand, and puts it into his pocket without looking at it.

This man, in any other situation, would certainly have been an excellent speaker. The countenances of his consulters, form the most diverting part of the scene. The utmost devotion, perfect resignation, and firm belief, are deeply impressed in every feature. As the man always expresses himself, particularly relative to the past, with such artful duplicity, he cannot fail, with the help of his ingenious powers of fancy, to hit the truth with regard to several of his hearers. I have often remarked, with what amazement people stared at him, and how many a lady turned away

with tears in her eyes. Thus the same Parisians who but a few years ago carried about the Goddess of Reason, though only on their shoulders, believe in divination, and surround by hundreds the first pretended prophet they meet.

A Frenchman possesses an inexhaustible fund of polite and agreeable turns, which, though every one knows they are unmeaning, yet draw an approving smile from all his hearers. There stands a fellow twisting a puppet's coat on his fore-finger, and sometimes letting a little devil peep out, waving his hand briskly towards heaven, and exclaiming, *there it flies!* This flat and stale joke he seasons very admirably with a ready account of every thing the little imp will see in his flight over Paris; now he sees the gun boats on the Seine, of which he adds a pompous description; now a

young lady just rising from bed, whom he describes with every possible fascination. Ample as is the matter with which he is furnished by his flying devil, *(diable volant)* copied from the Devil upon Two Sticks *(diable boiteux)*, still he knows how to change his amusements in a clever manner.

He suddenly calls a boy out of the crowd, who may be about ten years of age. Putting his hand on his head, he asks him very solemnly, "Are you married, my lad?" The youngster stares at him, and says "No."—"Swear then," continues the jester with a gruff voice, "swear that you are not married."

The boy is obliged to hold up his hand and swear. "Now I'll make thy fortune." He gives him a box and promises to conjure so many hundred Louis d'ors into it. But before he

begins his hocus pocus, he very genteelly addresses the public, saying, "You will perhaps ask, gentlemen, why, with this facility of making gold, I do not make my own fortune? 'Tis because it is already made. All that I am doing here, is entirely for your amusement." He now conjures the box full of gold; at least it becomes as heavy in the hand, as if there were really gold in it. To be sure, on opening it, nothing is found but a stone. But, can the conjurer help it, that the boy is a natural or illegitimate child, or owes, at least, his supposed legitimacy to his mother having told a tale about his real origin? He declares with an arch look, that he very seldom meets with instances of the kind, that such things seldom occur at Paris, and quickly digresses to some other subject.

All these are only jokes for the popu-

lace, but they are really delivered without offending decency, and are indeed not without wit. You will allow that a nation, among whom the common people join so heartily in laughing at this kind of wit, must be advanced in cultivation a step farther than many other nations. But let us go on to his neighbour, who carefully watches till the wit, whom we have just left, makes a pause—when he immediately calls out with a loud voice, "Gentlemen, while my neighbour is taking breath, permit me to show you a most remarkable experiment." Without waiting for an answer, he carries round a box from which he desires the people to draw questions, relative to money, health, love, the constancy or inconstancy of a beloved object, legacies expected, &c. &c. While the question is taking out of the box, the professor of a thousand arts

stands at a distance to prove that he needs not to be acquainted with the subject of it. Then, upon receiving two sous in ready cash, he first answers the question, and, in the next place, gives a complete character of the inquirer, his temper, his good and bad qualities, and adds some good advice respecting the regulation of his future conduct: thirdly and lastly, he gives the five numbers which will come out at the next drawing; the whole printed on pretty good paper.

I cannot indeed conceive how this man, considering the expence he is at, can still have sufficient profit left out of two pence to support this merry life: this thought frequently occurs to me. Listen to that man farther on, who offers with a loud voice, and for two pence, to every passenger, the rules of piquet. The little book consists of about two sheets; and though I cannot see any per-

son who buys a single copy of him, yet I have found him on the same spot for this fortnight, and he still lives.

Attend to that girl crying till she is hoarse: "Fifty tooth-picks for two sous, *cinquante cure-dents pour deux sous!*" She sells but little of her goods; she is ugly, nobody will buy, and yet she lives. I prefer those cunning wits, whose industry speculates upon that inexhaustible fund, the curios ty of mankind. Here stands an old woman, who reads, with a harsh voice, from a printed sheet of blotting paper, what has happened in the last sitting of the council of state. She hardly closes her mouth, before her more aged neighbour opens her faded lips, pours forth a torrent of printed eloquence against the perfidy of the English; pointing, at the same time, to a wooden cut which decorates her hand-bill, and in which his Britannic Majesty is very ill-

treated. The droll delivery of the two old women is heard gratis, and their hand-bills cost only one sous.

Let us quit these haggard figures for yon pretty round-faced wench, who has set up a table, on which stand about half a dozen of tin or plated candlesticks. She holds a woollen rag in her hand, which she dips into a red powder; and, while she rubs the candlestick quite bright, she extols, in a mellifluous tone, and with dimples in her cheeks, the admirable qualities of her powder. She asks the bystanders for thimbles or shoe-buckles, gives them back as bright as new, and even promises to cure pimples in the face with her powder; but no one offers his face for this experiment. A merry soldier goes by, shews her a scar on his cheek, and laughing, asks whether she can remove that too? She answers, yes; and promises, for this pur-

pose, to pay him a visit in the evening. I could wager that this girl has invented a powder which yields more profit, and costs less, than the golden powder of the famous alchymists.

But what is that sailor doing with his microscope? Where did he get this dirty instrument, patched together with wire? What does he shew through it? Nothing more or less than a flea: for this he gets one sous. Only see, his neighbour, about one hundred yards farther, knows likewise how to turn trifles to the best account. The cunning dog found means to get a few sheets of the paper which painters use to draw transparencies, and now shews for one sous to the wondering crowd, how pictures can be copied with the utmost expedition.

Let us enter this booth, where the inscription announces a wonder. *He who will not believe, let him come and see!*

What, pray?—A flea drawing an elephant; a flea conducting a carriage with six horses carrying ladies and gentlemen; a flea on whose foot a metal ball has been fastened with a golden chain with which he merrily leaps to and fro. All this is not fiction. A man has really taken the vast trouble to make the elephant, carriage, chains, &c. of gold, so very small, and to fasten them to the flea.

But ſtill more ludicrous and more inventive is the artist's producing two flies fighting a duel with the small sword. It is thus contrived: two flies are fastened to two needles, placed perpendicularly behind their wings, so that they keep their six legs stretched out before them. They are fixed very nearly facing each other, and a little ball of cork is then given to each of them, in which is fastened a small straw. As soon as this ball

touches their feet, they endeavour to seize it to hold themselves by: upon this touch the ball keeps moving backwards and forwards, and consequently the straw turns against the enemy. Each party moving in the same manner, the two straws often clash together like two swords; and this constitutes the duel of the flies.

Close by this fencing and hopping-room, we are invited to undertake a little journey of several hundred leagues, on mechanical horses, with the great promise that this great distance shall be travelled in a time incredibly short. Well; we laugh sarcastically, and yet enter. No sooner is the dirty curtain raised, than we are convinced, at the first look, that we see nothing before us but a kind of *caroussel*, remarkable only for its requiring no person to turn it, as the rider, by tightly pulling the bridle,

sets the centre wheel in motion, and consequently turns himself with great velocity.

This fun costs only four sous. But that you may not throw away your money, I warn you against yonder bald-pated fellow, who has put up a large tube of paste-board, directed towards the sky, and civilly asks every body to look up. On this occasion he makes a long speech, which the crowd think very learned, about different vapours and their properties; assuring them, that the glasses in his tube are so finely polished, that the vapours before it are concentrated into various extraordinary forms. It cannot be done in all weathers; but this particularly is a day to exhibit every thing in the most charming manner. I confess to you, my dear friend, that old bald-pate lately spoke so well and so ingeniously, that I suffered myself to be tempted to step

before his tube. He then pulled a thread, unperceived, and a centaur passed between my eye and the ordinary window-glass, which he probably cut out of some book of prints, such as are usually manufactured at Nuremberg. I suddenly withdrew my head quite ashamed, and sneaked away to make room for another.

But why should I be ashamed, thought I, as I retired: this daily happens in my own country, where great poets and philosophers, with much bawling, hold their tubes before our eyes, promising us, God knows what wonders. We are good-natured, we look into them, and what do we behold? some little monster of the puppet-fair.

But I find you are tired of your walk. If the weather remains so fine, we will continue it to-morrow for an hour: for, I assure you, we have many curious and diverting things yet to see.

LETTER II.

THIS day, my sweet friend, we pursue our excursion in dry weather. The objects will not always be of the same merry cast as before, and I will not answer for it that a tear may not now and then steal into your eye. Just by, we meet with a blind man singing his song in simple and affecting accents. Beside him lies his faithful guide, the shaggy dog, sometimes shaking his bell. Not far from him sits another blind man, who probably cannot sing: instead of singing, a kind of a stage stands before him, on which several bells of various tones are suspended, which he puts in motion with threads. He does not beg aloud; but only puts his hand now and then into his hat, to try whether he cannot grasp the charitable token of

some passing benefactor. He generally draws it back empty.

We do not go far, without encountering a third poor wretch bereft of the most valuable of the senses. He has an old harpsichord placed before him on the *Boulevards*, and is thumping a *sonata* with all his might. Numbers of people stop to hear his performance; but the pewter cup, fastened in front of his instrument, seldom resounds with the boon of pity.

We scarcely leave him, when we meet a fourth blind man, endeavouring to touch the heart by means of a fiddle out of tune. He plays it walking: his dog, fastened by a little chain to a button of his waistcoat, goes cautiously before him. However, I once witnessed how this poor skeleton of a dog was irresistibly tempted, by a bone which had been thrown away, to run into a corner, where his unsuspecting master was on

the point of dashing against the wall all his wealth—his head and his violin.

But among the many blind men who are to be met with in the streets of Paris singing, playing, or ringing, none gather a more inquisitive crowd round them, than two men who play at piquet the live-long day, not to lose, but to win money; who, with the most wonderful discrimination, feel and name the cards, contrive to interest every one who has the least idea of the game for some minutes, and, when they retire at night, are always both winners.

But let us leave these blind people, the sight of whom only dejects those possessed of vision, though the Parisians, steeled by custom, for the most part pass by them with indifference. I often saw elderly women, especially in the evening, who, to judge from their baskets, were cook-maids, and who, by giving alms to

the poor blind, no doubt hoped to stifle the reproaches of their consciences for taking too large a market penny.

Let us rather direct our steps to yon musical artist, who, by the dexterity he has acquired, really deserves admiration. He alone plays a whole *symphony concertante* upon five instruments at once. With one hand he grasps and holds a double flageolet, whose mouth-pieces he constantly moves to and fro on his lips; sometimes too, he plays both at the same time; with the other he fingers the harp very dexterously; with one foot he beats a tabor, and with the toes of the other he rattles the castanet. It sounds very well, you hear; and the poor devil fags as hard as Mademoiselle Maillard, in the great opera, dearly earning his few sous.

Don't let us pass yon harper without dropping a trifle into his plate. His

execution is certainly not the most pleasing; but the poor young girl who stands by him with her eyes fixed on the ground, singing, constantly singing, is entitled to our mite, because her downcast looks seem to say: "I know very well that I sing badly; but my father wants bread!" The two children, who sing a duet on the bridge, do quite the reverse. The song is intended to move the heart, and would produce that effect if the children did not squall so thoughtlessly, and look about in such an impudent manner. Their look and notes only raise the idea, that they will one day become two worthless creatures.

A group of children to whom I shall not lead you, for fear of giving you too much pain, is much more likely to excite pity. In the *Rue Vivienne* I have seen, for more than three weeks, yet always in the evening when it was dark, three wretch-

ed children lying in the mud. The eldest, a boy of about ten years, sat reclined against the wall, holding on his lap another wrapped in rags, three years old at farthest, and usually moaning. By his side sat or lay a third symbol of misery, about five years old. These children did not beg; but had the end of a tallow-candle placed before them, near which, upon a rag, lay a paper with the following simple and moving inscription: "*We have neither father nor mother.*" Few of the passengers remained unmoved, and the street being much frequented, they always obtained a rich harvest. With pleasure I remarked that the soldiers in particular gave, and gave the most. One night I found one of those people deeply affected. He wore large black whiskers, which, in wild contrast with the emotion of the muscles of his face, lighted by the glimmer of the

candle, threw their shade upon a
He surveyed the group for some mi
in silence; the poor little wretch
just whining dolefully, because it
cold. The soldier briskly put his
into his pocket, gave to the elde
two pieces of silver coin (I believe
twelve sous pieces), on conditio
his carrying the child home immedi
and warming it. He repeated this
dition three or four times, and mad
boy as often promise to perform it.
then retired. As he turned round,
costed him: "You certainly are
ther?" said I.—"*Oui, Monsieur,*"
swered he, rather roughly, and hast
away. I stopped some time to see
ther the boy would keep his pro
and take the children home; but h
not. That the police should have
fered such a scene for so many w
does not please me. It seems al

impossible that the poor children should remain in health all the winter.

In Paris beggars seldom or never ask charity. You only hear, at times, *Monsieur, je meurs de faim* (Sir, I am starving), whispered behind you. Every pauper endeavours to establish a kind of just claim to what is given him. One runs with a broom in his hand, when he sees a person crossing a dirty part of the street, and quickly sweeps away the mud; another profits of a shower, which fills the middle of the street with water, lays a plank across, and in a friendly manner helps you over. He judges who can afford to give him something by their clothes: all that he supposes to be poor, he suffers to pass gratis; and, if a handsome girl appears, he escorts her with the utmost gallantry.

But it does not rain now, and I had almost forgotten that we are walking to

see the bustle in the streets. Should you not think that something very remarkable is going forward in yonder crowded circle of people? An old rope-dancer, perhaps superannuated, has taught some idle, blackguard boys to tumble head over heels. A couple of his pupils seem to have escaped, with a view of carrying on business on their own account. At the corner of yon street they have spread a piece of carpet, so full of holes, that it scarcely hangs together. They have endeavoured to give to their own rags the look of thoſe worn by tumblers; and while one is rolling and tumbling about the carpet, the other endeavours to imitate the drollery of a buffoon.

That fellow with his cups is as little worth attention; he is a common juggler. But if you step behind the curtain for a moment, you will not repent it. You will find an extraordinary female,

to whom nature has granted the ornament of man—a long, thick, black capuchin beard. It is no deception, for I examined it closely. She is between twenty and thirty, and has weak eyes, shaded by a pair of very bushy, and coal-black brows. If you fancy to yourself a face thus decorated, covered above with a dirty white turban, with two full, white breasts; and the arms, feet, and neck, thickly over-grown with hair, you certainly will not think it a tempting figure. Were it not for her bosom, and her singing in such a clear and shrill voice, as to make people run away, no one would think he was looking at a woman. "She is a native of Norway," said her keeper, "and was born five hundred leagues beyond Bergen!!"

I pretended to be a Dane, and questioned her in her native language. This quite puzzled the poor bearded lady.

"I was brought to Paris by my father, when only three years old," replied she in the Parisian accent. Let us quit this object, to whom the petulance of nature has refused the usual attributes of feminine beauty. Let us rather cast a transient look on the numerous articles exposed to sale. We shall often find the most singular contrasts: here you are offered baskets full of dogs of various breeds; there portraits of our Lord Jesus Christ, consisting of only a sheet of paper, containing the well known spurious passage in Josephus, with a description of the figure of the Saviour.

In this small portable booth, filled with a great variety of articles, each is sold for eighteen sous—in that for twenty-five; and you find many things among them which you can scarcely conceive it possible to sell at so low a price. Close to them are laid upon a cloth a whole

mountain of books of every description. "Buy, gentlemen!" cries the owner, "take your choice! six sous a piece!" Another envious hawker, to spoil his trade, offers his heap of literary productions at four sous. They generally consist of insipid novels: yet I have frequently found many good things among them; such as odd volumes of Madame de Sevigné's Letters, &c. I have put my hand on them the second or third touch. If one were to take time, and a little trouble, a small collection of good books might be formed for a few livres.

The old books on the ballustrade of the Pont Neuf, and on several of the quays, are more conveniently exposed, but dearer, (though dog-cheap, according to the vulgar phrase). To judge from the very handsome manner in which most of them are bound, they are the remains of libraries that have

been destroyed. Here the most valuable works are often found complete, in excellent condition, and at very moderate prices.

I perceive that the jeweller's glittering shop attracts your eyes: your taste is good. More elegant workmanship is found neither at Augsburgh nor Vienna. I have no where met with works of art that can be compared with these, excepting in the manufactory of the excellent counsellor of state De Buch, at Petersburgh. It is difficult to leave this place without purchasing something. It is here that you feel tempted to envy the rich. But you, doubtless, perceive something characteristic of the present times in France, in the contents of that window, which is full of gold or gilt shrines for the host; a proof that there is now a great demand for this sacred article. Who has gained most by

the temporary suppression of the Roman Catholic religion?—The goldsmiths.

I entreat you to go a step farther; for the man who exposes such a variety of stuffed animals deserves admiration as an artist, and has certainly attained perfection in his art. Every thing lives, and seems to move. You stretch out your hand to rescue the fowl from that fox, which is carrying it off in his jaws: you feel pain at seeing that hawk stick his talons into the defenceless fieldfare: you stop, delighted, before the cage in which the canaries are hatching, and the hens feeding their brood: you smile at the fine shaggy spaniel carrying a lanthorn in his mouth; you fancy he stops only because the person whom he is lighting is not quite close enough to him. A great number of single birds decorate the back part of the shop. This charming art affords the Parisians this

advantage, that a person who possessed a faithful dog, a favourite bird, or any other animal he was fond of, does not lose it entirely after its death. For a trifling consideration he preserves its exterior figure as natural as the life. The prices of these curiosities are very low. The stuffing of a small bird, for instance, costs only three francs, if the bird is furnished by the customer; otherwise a little more, in proportion to the rarity of the animal.

This theatre of inanimate life is, in some measure, preferable to that which swarms with living creatures, but which is rendered offensive by the disagreeable exhalations. If, however, you can stay a few moments in the latter shop without feeling indisposed, you will obtain some idea of Noah's ark, which could scarcely have been celebrated for its pleasant smell. Here you see lodged

in a vast number of cages, grey, green, and party-coloured parrots, white cockatoos, superb India ravens, all of which scream at once, in such a manner as to stun you. But you must not think that because birds are so plentiful, they are to be bought cheap. O no: you could not purchase any of these for less than eight louis, unless it were yon sparrow-like parrot, that cannot speak, and never will learn; that you may perhaps buy for three louis. These foreigners with variegated plumage justly occupy the first row in the aviary. Next to them come pigeons and fowls of the rarest species in great numbers; Turkish ducks, pearl-hens, gold and silver pheasants, singing birds of every kind, from the nightingale to the greenfinch. Between these are placed spaniels, pug-dogs, squirrels, guinea-pigs, hares, and rabbits. And here pigeons and young weasels,

birds and Angora cats are seen living in the greatest harmony by the side of each other. The walls are hung with cages from top to bottom, and even the whole outside of the shop, next the street, is covered with them.

Now let us enter this beautiful repository of household furniture, in which taste is subservient to luxury, and sometimes the contrary. But why should we trouble ourselves concerning this? we foreigners, who can carry nothing along with us? How great houses are here furnished, I shall not shew you in the street. For the same reason, let us quickly pass this china warehouse, glittering with gold, where the brittle materials exhibit the most pleasing variety of colours. A charming sight, indeed! and which has attracted my notice many a quarter of an hour.

Don't mind that woman, who abso-

lutely wants to force upon you a ticket of the national lottery. "Seventy-five thousand livres to be gained for a trifle," she incessantly cries, as if she had been taught by a Brunswick lottery-office keeper; but more modest than the latter, she does not pester you with letters, but only follows you to the corner of the street. Now you have got rid of her, a good-natured Savoyard, who, if you please, will clip, wash, and comb your dog—offers to clean your shoes. But you like to trust your foot only to female hands, and by proceeding a few steps farther, you may satisfy that modest scruple.

I now propose to walk slowly down the *Quay de l'Ecole*, and thus to terminate this day's excursion. We shall leave to the left all the coffee-houses and restaurateurs, however inviting may be the inscriptions painted in large charac-

ters on the glass doors and windo
Cold and warm breakfasts, fork breakf
(dejeuners à la fourchette), rum and r
punch, ice-cheese, milk-coffee, chocolate,
The next door neighbour invites u
a game *à la poule;* the next to him
fers a game at billiards; and a t
offers capital *March beer.* But al
vain: we will walk on. Nor will
suffer ourselves to be tempted by
chesnuts roasted in the streets, nor
apples and grapes, nor the dirty G
medes, who fill tin pots with an ins
beverage resembling the sbit in Ru
Such a potful costs indeed only
sous; but I should advise you rathe
drink clear water, which you may
for nothing.

Ah! how lively is the street w
leads along the Seine. To the left
row of elegant shops, where the pro
tions of every part of the world,

even those of other worlds (for even the celebrated stones which dropped from the moon can be bought here) are exposed for sale. And then the motley multitude of people, hackney coaches, and cursed cabriolets! Now look down the river on the right. All the washerwomen in the world seem to have collected here. Ranged in rows, in long boats covered with roofs, they are employed in mercilessly beating each separate piece of linen, which they afterwards throw into heaps. They brandish their thick muscular arms, and deal powerful blows, yet little noise is heard from their strokes, because they drown it with their charming prattle.

What this group wants in beauty is supplied by the different floating baths on the Seine, of which those of Vigie are particularly worthy of notice. In point of order and elegance, they are,

however, in my opinion, far inferior to the floating-bath at Berlin: but the superior magnitude of the Parisian baths is more striking, and some of them are rendered more agreeable by being surrounded with odoriferous flowers and shady trees.

Let us, for a moment, ascend this new bridge, of which the government has made a superb present to the Parisians for their convenience and pleasure. Its pavement is as even and level as the floor of an apartment. As a flight of steps leads up to it at each end, so that neither horsemen nor carriages can annoy the pedestrians, it will become one of the most pleasant promenades in spring and autumn for the fashionable world. It possesses another advantage, which is, that one sous must be paid for the liberty of walking on it, so that you are certain of not being molested by *beggars*.

What a charming view on both sides of this bridge! Every morning you may here see the curious spectacle of the flat-bottomed boats, intended for the invasion of England, manœuvring on the Seine. The soldiers, it is true, are still very indifferent hands at rowing; and if the drummer, who is stationed on an elevated part of the boat, does not beat time, the vessel, with its numerous oars on each side, sometimes resembles a waggon going over a bridge composed of loose planks which successively rise and fall as the vehicle proceeds. With a little more practice the men will do better, if the sea be but as patient an element as the Seine.

Industry and activity every where accompany this river. Here it turns mills to furnish the inhabitants with food; higher up it carries vessels laden with charcoal to warm them; farther down

the water is drawn from its cent
the shore, and there pumped thr
linen strainers into casks to afford a
beverage to the thirsty. These he:
corn have likewise been borne up
bosom, and it conveys those pip
wine unadulterated into the cella
the Anabaptists. Here you see a m
mixture of buyers and sellers.
care not to go too near those black
heavers with your white robe; and
out of the way of those merry, qu:
some Auvergnats, who are fightin
fun so seriously hard, that the b
would kill either you or me, if we
to receive such a drubbing. They
wise speak a gibberish, of which w
not understand a syllable.

Let us retire from this cont
crowd into that square. Alas! it i
Place de Grêve, where formerly crim
only suffered death, but which, du

the reign of terror, was stained with the blood of many illustrious characters. Here is the spot on which the guillotine was long permanent, and in yon corner is the lantern on which Foulon was hanged. You shudder. We will quit this place, which, a few days previous to the last execution, served for the exhibition of shews. For future executions Government has provided another place, in a different quarter of the town: where I did not take the trouble to enquire, for I am not fond of such spectacles.

In order to draw your lively imagination from these melancholy subjects, we will mingle with the crowd surrounding that mountebank dressed in scarlet. This man, with his aquiline nose, pretends to speak French with an Italian accent. "I am just arrived from Naples," says he; "I have heard of the

good people of Paris. It is not interest that brings me hither: no, God forbid! it is only the desire to be of service to the great nation, and the good people of Paris. Look here, gentlemen, at this invaluable medicine: every bottle of it costs me, upon my honour, six livres, but I am satisfied if I can administer relief to suffering humanity. I ask nothing—nothing at all: I give away my bottles—yes, yes—I give them away. How? does nobody call? Indeed the people of Paris are better than they have been represented to me; they are too proud, too generous, they will have nothing given them. Well! not to offend your delicacy, I will set a price upon it. Instead of six livres, I ask only six sous. Buy! buy! buy!"—And behold multitudes rush forward to purchase. Now we go home laughing; don't we, my sweet friend?

THE FIRST CONSUL AND HIS RETINUE.

It would be useless and impertinent were I to speak of Bonaparte as a hero or a statesman. Deeds crowned with success are always heroic exploits, and that system of politics is right, which makes a country happy and glorious. Thus posterity alone can form a judgment of the man who, as was once sung of Jupiter, moves the world with his eyelids. And upon what will the judgment of posterity be founded? Almost entirely upon the successful results. Mankind, circumscribed within such narrow limits, have no other standard. If Bonaparte should conquer peace and uninterrupted tranquillity; if he should suffer the sword for a series of years to sink deep in the scabbard (to sheathe it entirely would not be advisable), he will certainly unite under his shield all the

beneficent attendants of peace. He is reproached with what many celebrated characters have been accused of—that he does not scruple to sacrifice men, that he regards them as mere instruments to enable him to obtain his ends! Granting this to be the case—without bringing to recollection that to a man on the top of a mountain, those in the valley appear very little, while the ruler at the head of the people becomes acquainted with no small number, who are little indeed—Allowing, I say, that this is the case, can the people be anxious to know why Bonaparte made them happy? Supposing the good old times should return, when every peasant shall put his fowl into his pot, will he ask, "Is it to the love of the sovereign that I owe the comforts I enjoy?" No! the people never stand upon such nice points. The more happy they are, the

less they think of the author of their happiness; for nations act towards their rulers just as mankind in general towards God; they neither murmur nor complain till they are involved in distress, whether through their own fault or otherwise.

In such a station it may possibly be difficult to continue to love or even to value men. If each who approaches shuts his heart and only opens his hand to receive; if every one exposes only his finest colours as a flower expands in the genial sunshine, but quickly contracts its leaves, if a gloomy cloud passes over it; if all are only chained to the throne by ambition and cupidity, without being attached to him who is seated upon it; if they whisper to the new sovereign to-morrow what they whispered to the old one to-day—tell me, for God's sake, whence is respect

for mankind to be derived? Only a friend, in the true sense of the word, such a friend as Sully was to Henry IV. can preserve the sovereign's heart from that frigid apathy which must otherwise pervade it, and render him an enemy to mankind. This, however, is a misfortune only for himself, not for his people, who, regardless of the cause of their happiness, do not attribute to love what ambition has created.

On my arrival at Paris, I was extremely anxious to see the celebrated hero of the age. Several days elapsed before my wish was gratified. At length, one evening, the performance at the Theatre Français was interrupted by a loud and general clapping, and all eyes were directed towards Bonaparte's box, which is close to the stage. Unfortunately I just then happened to be in one where I could not see him; but the ma-

nagers having very politely permitted me to go to any part of the house I pleased, I immediately availed myself of this privilege, and hastened upon the stage, to obtain a good view of this remarkable man from a *coulisse* exactly opposite to his box. I had frequently been upon the stage before, and had never met with any obstacle: but how great was my astonishment on this occasion to find the three first *coulisses* occupied by consular guards, by whom every person that attempted to approach was ordered to retire. Even the maid of Mademoiselle Duchesnois, who was acting a part which I no longer recollect, experienced the same treatment, though her mistress was in great need of her assistance. Through the interference, however, of Messrs. Lafond and Monvel, who happened to be near me, this strict prohibition was waved both

with respect to the lady's maid and myself.

I cannot account for this severity which, as a mere measure of security appears to me insufficient. Perhaps Bonaparte is not fond of being gazed at to this he must accustom himself; for it is inseparable from such a rank as he holds. Perhaps he never gave such an order himself, and probably he even disapproves of it. I don't recollect at least to have ever afterwards seen consular guards upon the stage.

At the play he is very grave and quiet appears extremely attentive, speaks to none of his suite, all of whom stand behind him, gives no sign of approbation or disapprobation, nor even betrays his feelings by a look. The pit receive him with thundering plaudits but he pays no attention to them. The audience do not renounce their right to

hiss, and I saw a new piece damned in the presence of Bonaparte, who had come to see it. During these petulant scenes, he remains quite composed, reflecting, no doubt, that the Parisians, like the Romans, must have *panem et circenses*, if they are to be kept quiet.

Bonaparte is particularly fond of tragedy. He acknowledged to me that he did not like comedy, but availed himself of the observation urged by Voltaire: *Que tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* It should not, however, be imagined, that he is absolutely an enemy to comedy: nay, I even saw him present at the first representation of a new comedy; and he came to that of my drama, entitled, *Bruder Zwist* (Brothers' Quarrels), which was acted immediately after a tragedy that he had not been to see.

His boxes in the four principal the-

atres are decorated very richly, and with great taste. Among other ornaments is a gold star, which is sometimes on the top and sometimes at the bottom of the box. It is said that he believes in a star of fortune, on which he places more reliance than on his own great genius. If this were even true (as many persons have assured me), it cannot detract from his celebrity. If the Greek, whom the oracle pronounced to be the wisest of men, was permitted, without disparagement to his wisdom, to have a demon, why should not Bonaparte as well be allowed a star?

I was twice present at the grand parade, now one of the most remarkable sights at Paris. It is really an imposing spectacle. I was with several other persons in a saloon of the *bel étage*, almost in the middle of the Thuileries, through which Bonaparte was to pass. The at-

tendants had very politely assigned us this place, and it was owing to our uniforms that we were permitted to remain; for one of our companions who wore a frock, was informed, but with great civility, by an adjutant, that he could not stay there, but, at the same time, he ordered another very good place to be assigned him.

All the halls were lined, *en haie*, with guards; from ten to twelve men being stationed in each apartment, at the distance of two or three paces from one another, and two on every step of the stair-case. The infantry were already drawn up in the great court-yard of the Thuileries, and consisted of five or six different regiments. Their uniforms are not very striking, being quite plain; the long coats appear to me neither handsome nor convenient; but the large bear-skin caps have a martial appearance. The colours of the consular guards are

not only decorated with the national ribbons, but bear gold suns in the middle; they are principally green. A vain ornament of each regiment is the drum-major, who is clothed by the officers with the most prodigal splendor, and in this respect the different regiments vie with each other. For this purpose the tallest and handsomest men are selected, and their regimentals, if I am not mistaken, are of velvet, and so profusely loaded with gold lace, that you can scarcely distinguish the colour of the ground. The French army are likewise extremely vain of their whiskers, which are preserved with such care as to grow to an immense size. Among the *sappeurs*, there are even men who suffer the whole of their coal-black beard to grow till it reaches down to their bosoms.

The cavalry, consisting of chasseurs, *horse*-guards, and an uncommonly fine

regiment of cuirassiers, was stationed beyond the iron gate of the *Place de Carousel.* The little corps of Mamelukes were distinguished by their splendid eastern costume.

The colours were then brought from the apartments of the First Consul, who soon afterwards arrived, surrounded by generals and adjutants, all wearing superb regimentals, while his dress was extremely plain, without embroidery or other tinsel, and his hat without tassel, lace, or feather. He walked very fast, carrying only a small riding whip in his hand. At the gate, he mounted a grey horse, and, followed by a brilliant retinue, rode slowly up and down the ranks. Having thus reviewed the infantry, he proceeded to inspect the cavalry in the same manner. Besides the troops, a great concourse of people had collected, many of whom delivered petitions to him. As far as I could see, all these

petitioners were permitted to approach him; and, as to the strict measures of precaution which are said to be taken for his security, they were not observed, at least on that day; for in the manner in which he rode about among the people, his life was in the hands of every resolute villain.

Upon his return to the court-yard, he was several times stopped by females, who approached extremely close, spoke to him, and presented petitions. These, from what I could observe, he gave to his adjutant. One petition, however, presented to him by a woman, who even laid hold of the bridle of his horse (unless my eyes deceived me) he immediately opened, and returned a short answer. During this review, his favourite Mameluke, superbly dressed, was not immediately behind him, as is generally reported, but only in the suite, *behind* all the generals.

He then returned and stopped before the entrance of the Thuileries, a few yards from the place which I occupied. Here the Turkish ambassador presented him with two horses in the name of the Grand Signior. They were said to be very handsome, but their beauty could not be perceived, being superbly caparisoned from head to foot, and almost entirely covered with gold and pearls. They certainly were very spirited animals, for two Turks having mounted them, to ride about the yard, one was immediately thrown; but he seemed to be accustomed to it, for he instantly got up, and at one leap was again in the saddle.

Bonaparte, who meanwhile frequently took snuff out of a very plain tortoise-shell box, did not deign to take notice of the present. He only now and then cast an indifferent look towards

them. He seemed, on the contra
be totally occupied with the tr
whom he caused to perform succ
manœuvres. The colonel of each
ment came, from time to time, wi
sword drawn, to receive his order
gave the word of command accordi
Every regiment was ordered to fo
distinct square, probably in comm
ration of the war in Egypt. He or
the consular guard to go throug
platoon exercise, in which, in pr
ing and firing, the first rank k
while the two others fire over
heads. Whether the word of
mand was not distinctly heard o
derstood, I will not pretend to
mine, but it was most imperfectly
cuted. Half companies waited as
recollect themselves, and at length
leisurely dropped on their knees
after the other. The First Cons

pressed his displeasure by ordering the light exercise to be repeated seven or eight times. The infantry then filed off before him, when the band struck up a music scarcely to be equalled any where. They do not play common marches, in which each part is regularly repeated, but rather marching symphonies composed by good masters, and performed with uncommon precision.

After the infantry had filed off, the cavalry, mounted on capital horses, (perhaps from Hanover) rode in and defiled likewise. Of these regiments only one went through a few manœuvres, which concluded the grand parade for that day. At the next, a battalion of seamen was also drawn up, and was particularly distinguished by being armed with boarding or grappling hooks.

In order to avoid meeting the First Consul on his return, we now hastened

down into the Hall of the Ambassadors, (or rather into some very plain apartments called by that name) where we found the whole diplomatic corps, and all the foreigners who were to be presented. As we saw nothing but stars and orders of knighthood, it seemed as if we were suddenly transported to the court of some monarch. The costume of the prefects of the palace, who were walking about in their embroidered scarlet coats, with blue scarfs, alone reminded us of the republican consulate. Officers and servants in green liveries, laced with gold, offered us *liqueurs* and other refreshments, after which the whole glittering train set itself in motion, and ascended the stairs of parade. The guards were still stationed as before on the steps and in the apartments. At the landing place on the top, about half a company with their drummer were

parading. We passed slowly through three or four apartments filled with all sorts of new French costumes, as, *Huissiers*, in black, with gold chains and a medal suspended from their necks, just as the ancient knights used to be dressed; a number of plain blue uniforms, embroidered with gold or silver, &c. The apartments through which we were conducted were the same where I had seen the hundred Swiss guards dressed *à la Henri IV.* and through which the whole royal family then passed to go to mass. A melancholy sensation oppressed my mind, upon comparing that moment with the present.

The doors of the hall of audience were then thrown open. The principal decoration of this apartment consists of colours placed in picturesque groups. Bonaparte was standing between the second and third Consul, who were

dressed in richly embroidered scarlet clothes, but in the ordinary fashion. The grand judge was likewise present in his costume, which greatly resembles that of the cardinals. As soon as a circle was formed, Bonaparte advanced, and first spoke to the electoral prince of Wirtemberg, and then went round to the rest in regular succession, just as other kings or princes are accustomed to do to the ministers of foreign courts who present their countrymen on the occasion. Most of the busts or portraits of him which I have seen, are little like him, and many of them have no resemblance at all. Among the latter is the celebrated picture by David. Isabey, who painted him at full length, standing, and by whom there is likewise a very good print of the First Consul, has been most successful. The new bust or effigy on the six-livre-pieces, of French

crowns of the year twelve, is by far the most accurate resemblance. Whenever I look at it, I fancy that the First Consul is standing before me. He has, of late, grown somewhat corpulent, which does not become him so well; for imagination allows him only so much of an earthly form as is necessary to be the instrument of the mind. I am sure that none would conceive Bonaparte to be corpulent, yet such is somewhat the case at present, but this probably appears the more striking as he is low in stature. His profile is that of an ancient Roman, grave, noble, and expressive. Were he always silent, his gravity would have something frigid and repulsive; but when he speaks, a placid smile gives a grace to his mouth, and produces confidence in the person whom he addresses. It was exactly the same with Paul I. whose pleasant countenance was irresistible.

Now I am speaking of Paul, I ought not to omit mentioning, that the First Consul had some conversation with me concerning this unfortunate monarch, and testified his sincere regard for him. "He was a hot-headed prince," said he, among other things, "but he had an excellent heart."

The American minister stood at some distance from me, and if I remember rightly, I was conversing with him concerning the commerce of his country. This afforded that gentleman an opportunity of dropping a slight hint how desirable the return of peace would be. Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders, as if he meant to say, "It is not my fault." Some words on this subject even seemed ready to escape his lips, but he repressed them, and proceeded. He spoke with great ease and frankness on various topics, and when he ap-

proached me a second time, the stage was likewise brought on the carpet. He called us Germans melancholy, and expressed his opinion, that the moving, sentimental comedies were in some measure injurious to French tragedy; adding, that he was not fond of weeping, &c.

In mentioning here what the First Consul said to me, it is natural that I should select only such things as may, without regard to myself, prove interesting to the public. To banish self entirely from a descriptive tour is, in fact, impossible, but a person ought by no means to make himself the principal character, as we have lately seen done.

The Chief Consul having finished his round, returned to his former situation between the other two Consuls, who, during the whole time, had not stirred from the spot. He then bowed, which

was the signal for retiring, and remained standing till the whole diplomatic corps had withdrawn. Immense crowds of inquisitive faces surrounded the Thuileries, both now and during the parade, but they were kept at a respectful distance by the sentinels; and it could scarcely be supposed, that it was these same gazers who fired those balls against this palace, the marks of which are still to be seen on the wall, as the holes were purposely left not only unrepaired, but even with the balls in them. By the side of each mark is inscribed in large characters, "The tenth of August!"

I cannot forbear mentioning here an unpleasant epilogue to my presentation to the First Consul. The following morning his musicians announced themselves, to congratulate me upon my arrival, that is, to obtain a *douceur*. There being but two of them, I thought it would

be quite enough if I made them a present of a French crown apiece. With this, however, they were not satisfied, and informed me that they were twenty-four in number. I then lost all patience, but very politely told them, that the congratulation of men of their distinguished talents could have no other price than thanks for such an honour, and sent them away with long faces. Their chief is certainly ignorant of this kind of beggary, and I think I shall do some good by making it known; for every Frenchman whose eye this may meet, will certainly be eager to contribute all in his power to the suppression of an abuse so disgraceful to the honour of the nation.

Much has already appeared in print concerning the First Consul's dinners, and I have nothing new to add. That he is not fond of sitting long at table,

every one knows. It is equally well known that he gives good cheer, but is not fond of dainties. He is reported frequently to have said, "Whoever wishes to fare sumptuously must not come to me, but must go to the Consul Cambaceres."

Entertainments are given in the great gallery sometimes to several hundred persons, but I must acknowledge that this immense and beautiful gallery excites and cherishes sensations ill calculated to improve the appetite. Imagine the walls covered with Gobelin tapestry, exhibiting the battles of Constantine, (the colours of which begin, alas! to fade but too much, on the side that is exposed to the sun)—add to these, at short intervals from each other, the greatest heroes of France, as Bayard, Condé, Turenne, &c. from the life, in white marble of exquisite workmanship. Every

one will be equally sensible with myself, that such a place is more fit for the meeting of a council of war, the concluding of a treaty of peace, or the reception of ambassadors, than for the rattling of plates. Some celebrated antiques are likewise to be seen here; as, the youth extracting a thorn from his foot, the woman playing upon bones, &c. The many paintings on the ceiling are likewise of great value. But it is a great pity that this ceiling has several chinks. The apartment which may with great propriety be denominated the dining hall is pretty capacious, but not very conveniently connected with Madame Bonaparte's suite of apartments, and is remarkable only for its noble simplicity.

As I am now treating of the residence of the First Consul and his consort at Paris, I shall here introduce whatever else appeared to me to be worthy of

notice. Madame Bonaparte's apartments are finished in the most elegant style, but are not overcharged with magnificence. Some valuable bronzes, which have, however, been seen before at Versailles; a few excellent paintings, the best of which is a sleeping Venus by Correggio, some works in marble and Mosaics of the Florence school, together with several beautiful vases from the manufactory of Sevres, constitute almost all that can be called valuable in the furniture. Many things of the same kind are to be met with in the houses of opulent private individuals. To hang the rooms with silk stuffs of one uniform colour, and in plaits, is now the prevailing taste, but, however pleasing may be the effect produced, it will not be of long duration, as the dust settles too much in the plaits, and servants will scarcely give themselves the trouble

to clean the walls every day up to the ceiling.

In one of Madame Bonaparte's drawing-rooms this drapery is divided perpendicularly at small intervals, by gold bars, which produce a fine effect. The bed room used both by her and Bonaparte contains several fine pictures. It is otherwise quite plain, as is likewise her dressing-room, which is nicely wainscotted, and is the apartment which the queen of France employed for the same purpose. I have been informed that Madame Bonaparte there makes use of that ill-fated queen's golden toilet; but this is false. I saw nothing costly or splendid on her toilet table. Two small neat bathing-rooms terminated a suite of apartments, consisting altogether of about seven or eight different rooms, which fall short of the almost endless series of apartments appropriated to the use of the Great in Russia. In

the antichamber are hung two large pictures by a Flemish painter, representing scenes from the life in the history of Louis XIV. and formerly found in the *Hotel de Condé*.

The apartment in which the consuls meet is the same in which the colours are deposited; and the only striking object it contains is a terrestrial globe, on which their fingers are most probably often engaged in fixing the fate of the countries that move round with it.

The hall of the council of state, together with the little chapel close to it, are neat, but contain nothing remarkable. I was much struck, as well as others, that every consul and counsellor of state should have a pincushion standing before him; and it appeared no less extraordinary afterwards, when I discovered, upon nearer inquiry, that these pincushions served for wafer-boxes.

Before I leave the Thuileries, I must

mention, with acknowledgment, that of those whom you meet with in this place, officers, servants, and sentinels, all behave politely, and are prepossessingly civil in their answers and directions. No rudeness or insolence from persons in low stations, who otherwise compel the inquisitive to quit such places, has punished me for my curiosity. Whether I appeared buttoned up in my great coat or in my best suit, it made no alteration in the politeness of their behaviour. I cannot refrain from bestowing particular praise on the French sentinels. I often had occasion to speak to them, and they behaved, without exception, like well bred men, even when they had orders to make me retire from certain places. Among other circumstances, I remember that once, seeing a large printed paper stuck upon the wall in the antichamber of the Thuileries, I approached

in order to read it; the nearest sentinel stepped up to me and said, with a good-humoured smile, "*Monsieur, c'est notre consigne*—Sir, that is our watch-word." Many a German would have given me the same intimation in a very different manner. I was, however, sorry that I could not read the paper, especially as I knew the subject of it, and had reason to think that from it an interesting account of the measures for the internal safety of the palace might be collected.

During my stay at Paris, the following lines were applied to Bonaparte by a poetic encomiast.

Il eut pour ennemis le feu, la terre et l'onde :
Il en a triomphé pour le bonheur du monde.

With regard to the latter part of these verses, a poet may prophesy, but the confirmation must be left to the future historian; for it is to be hoped that such

a triumph may never be gained by petty and mean measures. Such I call the excessive restraint imposed on the liberty of the press at Paris, and equally severe with that under Paul I. Dupaty, junior, wrote a pretty piece for the *Theatre Feydeau*, entitled the *Antichamber*, in which the satirist lashes upstarts. The piece was immediately supposed to contain bold allusions; it was even imagined that the dress of one of the actors, consisting of a blue coat with yellow buttons, was intended to represent the uniform once worn by a certain man while he served in the artillery. Matters were even carried so far, that all the clothes worn by the performers were sent for, to be examined. Nothing could be proved against the author; he was, however, exiled to St. Domingo, not as a poet, but as a naval officer, for having come for a few days to Paris without leave.

He informed me himself, that, being already embarked, he was attacked with a severe illness in the road, brought on shore again, and kept for a long time in confinement, till at length, in consequence of powerful intercession in his behalf, this confinement was deemed a sufficient punishment. This amiable young man is now at liberty, resides at Paris, studies republican precaution, and has his *Antichamber* performed under a different title.

Another poet composed a ludicrous piece, in which a handsome, well-made man lands on an island, inhabited only by hunchbacks, who consequently think him deformed, and laugh at him. He makes the following observation: "If I should once happen to get among blind people only, I should have both my eyes plucked out, that I might resemble them." These words the censor regard-

ed as a satire against those soldiers who lost their sight in Egypt. Another author wrote a piece entitled *Belisarius*. The censor, thinking that General Moreau was alluded to in this character, forbade the representation. Nobody must say, "*fermez la porte*," (shut the door) for a shut door now implies a conspiracy. Nor must the word *brigand* be used, as it might mean persons concerned in the administration of the state. It is Nogaret, a man of sixty-three, who plays such fine tricks, *à la Tumanskoi*.* To all the remonstrances made to him, he only replies; "Do you wish me to lose my situation? I have no other subsistence."

Should it, however, be true, that this man would run the risk of losing his place, if he exercised a less foolish rigour,

* Censor of the Russian press under Paul I.

the government would lose one of the most powerful claims to the honorable character of liberality: and as this must be painful to every citizen of the world, I sincerely wish that the apprehensions testified by Nogaret, may only be the silly dotage of an old man, whose conduct, should it reach Bonaparte's ear, would assuredly not receive his approbation. But even in this case, it is extremely oppressive to literature and the arts, that they should be subject to the caprices of such a superannuated censor. An author like myself, who has the felicity to live under one of the most liberal, and consequently one of the most solid governments of Europe, must naturally feel, with two-fold aggravation, what is so revolting in this system of oppression; and I gladly console myself in the enjoyment of genuine liberty, emanating from the throne, for the petty troubles

which sometimes embitter my professional avocations.

I must not omit, in this place, another anecdote relative to Mercier, the celebrated author of the *Tableau de Paris*, though this does not concern Nogaret, whose censorship extends only to the theatre. Mercier was in confinement fourteen or sixteen months, and passed the melancholy hours of his imprisonment in attempting to refute Newton, in a manner often degenerating into ribaldry. He afterwards printed the result of his solitary meditations, in which the author was suspected of alluding to a very different person. This could not be proved; but it is certain that Mercier is no longer a favourite with the government.

The reader will do me the justice to admit, that in my observation on the First Consul, I have not overlooked the

great and good qualities which he possesses, but that I dwelt on them with pleasure. But I am far from joining the host of his flatterers, and I may, therefore, be allowed to acknowledge, with equal freedom, that there are many things in his character which to me appear unaccountable, and even reprehensible—for instance, his conduct to Madame de Stael, as long as he does not assign his reasons for it. At the moment I am writing, I have not yet seen that lady, whom I only know by her ingenious works: but as a citizen of the republic of letters, which will survive all other republics, I must subscribe to the prophecy which this high-spirited female expressed with equal beauty and energy: *Vous me donnez une cruelle illustration, je tiendrai une ligne dans votre histoire*—You bestow on me a cruel celebrity, I shall occupy a line in your history.

When the Chief Consul suddenly set out on his journey to the coast, nobody knew any thing of his intention until a few hours previous to his departure. He is even said to have sent papers to the ministers the same morning, requesting they would make a report upon them the following day. He briefly informed two of his adjutants that they were to attend him on his journey, asking them whether they required much time to prepare for it. Conceiving that he would allow them at least a few days, they replied in the negative. "Well," said Bonaparte, "then take your swords and hats." In fact, directions had just been given to put the horses to the carriage, and the courier, who was to order the relays, had set off only a quarter of an hour before.

This active man cannot conceive, nor endure, that any person should be ill; a

trait of character which he possesses in common with Paul I. On this account, all his retinue provide a stock of medicines when they attend him on a journey, as they would otherwise not have time to procure any.

He entertains a great regard for the poet Lemercier, author of the tragedy of Agamemnon, which was much disliked at Paris, and the performance of which had been dropped. To give it popularity among the Parisians, he is said to have ordered it to be represented at St. Cloud; in consquence of which the performers of the *Theatre François* would likewise be compelled to give the same piece in the capital. This play really contains many distorted beauties and fascinating horrors. Bonaparte himself gave the poet a very just criticism upon it. "Your Clytemnestra," said he, "is a weak woman, and yet you

make her perform a bold deed, without any other inducement than the slight persuasion of Ægysthus, in one single scene. Are you not sensible that this woman, while she is entering the bed-chamber of her husband, must relinquish the murderous purpose before she reaches his bed?"

I think proper here to close my brief remarks upon this great man. Indeed, were I willing and able to communicate all that has been related to me concerning him, it would make a volume, probably not one of the most authentic, but yet not destitute of interest. Declining, however, to involve myself in political arguments and reveries, since it is premature to form a judgment of Bonaparte as a ruler till tranquillity shall be completely restored; and as the descriptions given of his private character are but too often contradictory, it becomes

a duty in me to avoid hazarding any conjectures, but to reserve the pen for the future historian, for whom time is daily preparing new materials.

After being presented to the First Consul, the introduction to the second and third Consuls is attended with but few formalities. The minister of the country to which you belong fixes on one of the days on which the two Consuls give dinners; these are Tuesday and Saturday. After dinner, that is, about nine o'clock at night, the carriage is ordered to their respective residences. They, likewise, have consular guards in their court-yards and corridors, not consisting of a few sentinels, but a constant guard under the command of an officer, which regularly does duty at their residence. Their apartments are very spacious, but are without any superb ornaments. Some Gobelin tapestry is the

only costly article to be seen in them. Within the door of the hall for company, stands an officer of the household, or valet, to whom every person, upon his arrival, gives his name, which is announced, with a loud voice, the moment the stranger enters. This custom is very convenient, in one respect, to the company assembled; but it cannot be denied that it must cause some embarrassment to the stranger, if his name be not entirely unknown, as the eyes of all are immediately directed towards him. The Consul, who usually stands before the fire-place, proceeds several, or but a few steps, or does not move at all, to meet the stranger as he enters, according to his rank, merit, &c. returns his bow very politely, speaks, or is silent; after which the person newly introduced joins the circle, which is generally very numerous.

Cambaceres has two cavaliers belonging to his court, dressed in black, who do the honours, and are particularly attentive. If a lady enters, they run to meet and conduct her to the Consul, to whom she pays her respects, and is then handed by the cavalier to a chair. Gentlemen are likewise received by these persons, who usually receive them with —*Approchez vous du feu, Monsieur*— "Draw near the fire, Sir:"—the usual Parisian winter formality for commencing a conversation. At present one of these keyless chamberlains is *Aigrefeuille*, a man who has obtained considerable celebrity by the dedication to him of the Epicure's Almanack. It is said that he justly merits this distinction, though he modestly declined it. For my part, I must confess, that if the second Consul's kitchen is superintended by him, I shall myself feel tempted to compose an eulogy

of him; for, out of seventy or eighty dishes, to taste at least one half of which I had summoned all my powers, there was not one which Lucullus or Apicius would have disdained. The French mode of cookery is certainly the first in the world. The Consul himself helps to many dishes, pours out a variety of wines and *liqueurs*, and very politely asks his guests if they chuse any. Notwithstanding the great abundance of viands, very few dishes are of such a nature as to allow all the guests to partake of them; but supposing a difference of taste, the principal dishes only are carried about by the servants; the rest remain stationary, and the person before whom a dish stands, helps those who wish for some of it. I think it much better that so many different sorts of wine are not given as with us; for instance, at Berlin, where every person, by

the time dinner is over, generally has ten or twelve glasses placed before him. Here you have only two kinds of table wine, as many of dessert wine, and no champagne. The service of the table is performed very expeditiously, nay, almost too expeditiously. Whoever wishes to try the two extremes in this respect, let him dine at the First Consul's one day, and at a good private house at Berlin on another. With the former he will not find time to eat enough; but at the latter he will have leisure to digest twice and begin again. In houses of this description, people think that a meal is incomplete, and does no honour to the host, if the guests do not grow tired of sitting. At the second Consul's it would prove the more inconvenient to be obliged to sit long; for the guests are placed so close together, on small straw-bottomed chairs,

that they are barely able to move their hands and arms. I like the German proverb: "Half a meal and a good one." My palate does not relish dainties, where I am every moment in danger of striking against other people's ribs, or receiving their blows on mine; and, to complete the misfortune, should you happen to sit near a person difficult to be entertained, you pay dearly for the daintiness of your fare. This was seldom my case; but I recollect, with pleasure, a dinner at Cambaceres', where my neighbour, General Cæsar Berthier, by a very lively narrative of the taking of Tobago by the English, made me forget both the narrow stools and the delicacy of the dishes. A custom which pleased me, and which I recollect to have met with only in this house, is that ices are not served till after the coffee. The company usually consists of thirty or forty persons; of the

females, many are the wives of generals; and among all these ladies there was not one whose age exceeded twenty-eight years. After the cloth is removed, a great number of visitors drop in, and you have an opportunity of making very interesting acquaintances. I here met with the circumnavigator Bougainville, who seems determined to try how old a man can grow, without losing any part of his vivacity and amiable qualities. I likewise saw Barbé Marbois, the ingenious companion of Barthelemy, on his voyage of transportation to Cayenne; Portalis, the enlightened and upright chief of the ecclesiastical establishments; the old silver-haired Guillotin, undeservedly abused for the invention of the guillotine, in the promulgation of which he was actuated only by pure philanthropy. It has often been said, that he himself fell a victim of his instrument;

but he is still in very good health, and has never been in any danger of meeting with such a fate.

If the Consul Le Brun does not give such dainty entertainments, he at least provides more convenient seats. He is a man of very gentle manners and insinuating address; he is more talkative and affable than Cambaceres, and disregards ceremony; for he keeps no guards. On the other hand, he is advantageously known in the literary world as the translator of Tasso, and his conversation is that of the accomplished gentleman and profound scholar. At his house I met with La Grange, who formerly resided at Berlin, is now a counsellor of state, and married to a most amiable lady. I remember, with pleasure, the hours I spent at his house.

The Consul Le Brun seems to be more generally beloved than his colleague; the

latter is reproached, whether justly or unjustly I cannot say, with being proud —perhaps it is only his external appearance which has drawn upon him this censure; he is said never to ride out without being surrounded by guards on horseback, who sometimes behave rather rudely to foot passengers; it is likewise reported that he is fond of calling Bonaparte his colleague.

LETTER III.

I LATELY mentioned to you, my dear lady, the portrait of Jesus Christ, which may be had for one sous on the Boulevards; to-day I will make you acquainted with a similar speculation. Look at that sheet of paper, decorated with large wooden cuts, and printed only on one side; it contains, notwithstanding, nothing less than the "Lives

and Manners of the Nations of Europe: *Vies et Mœurs des Nations de l'Europe,*" says the superscription. For my part, being a German, and only knowing the manners of nations from thick volumes in quarto, my curiosity is naturally excited, and I read with pleasure the quintessence of the judgment and prejudices of Frenchmen respecting themselves and their neighbours. The following are examples:

" In *religion*, the German is unbelieving; the Englishman devout; the Frenchman zealous; the Italian very ceremonious; the Spaniard a bigot.

" In *keeping his word*, the German is faithful; the Englishman safe; the Frenchman giddy; the Italian cunning; the Spaniard a cheat.

" In *giving advice*, the German is slow; the Englishman resolute; the French-

man precipitate; the Italian nice; the Spaniard circumspect.

"In *love*, the German does not understand it; the Englishman loves a little here and there; the Frenchman every where; the Italian knows how one ought to love; the Spaniard loves truly.

"In *external appearance*, the German is tall; the Englishman well made; the Frenchman well looking; the Italian of the middle size; the Spaniard frightful.

"In *dress*, the German is shabby; the Englishman superb; the Frenchman changing; the Italian a tatterdemalion; the Spaniard decent.

"In *manners*, the German is clownish; the Englishman barbarous; the Frenchman easy; the Italian polite; the Spaniard proud.

"In *keeping a secret*, the German forgets what he has been told; the Eng-

lishman conceals what he should divulge, and divulges what he should conceal; the Frenchman blabs every thing; the Italian does not utter a word; the Spaniard is very mysterious.

"In *vanity*, the German boasts little; the Englishman despises all; the Frenchman praises every thing; the Italian values little what is of little value; the Spaniard is indifferent to all.

"In *eating and drinking*, the German is a drunkard; the Englisman a lover of sweets; the Frenchman delicate; the Italian moderate; the Spaniard niggardly.

"In *offending and doing good*, the German does neither good nor bad; the Englishman does both without reason; the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive; the Spaniard indifferent in both respects.

"In *speaking*, the German speaks little

and badly, but writes well; the Frenchman speaks and writes well; the Englishman speaks badly, but writes well also; the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.

"In *address*, the German looks like a blockhead; the Englishman resembles neither a fool nor a wise man; the Frenchman is airy; the Italian is prudent, but looks like a fool; the Spaniard is quite the reverse.

"In *laws*, the German laws are indifferent; the Englishman has bad laws, but observes them well; the Frenchman has good laws, but observes them badly; the Italians and Spaniards have good laws; the former observes them negligently, the latter rigidly.

"*Servants* are companions in Germany; slaves in England; masters in France; respectful in Italy; submissive *in* Spain.

" *Diseases*—the Germans are particularly infested with fleas; the English with whitlows; the French with the small-pox; the Italians with the plague; and the Spaniards with wens.

" The *women* are housewives in Germany; queens in England; ladies in France; captives in Italy; slaves in Spain.

" In *courage*, the German resembles a bear; the Englishman a lion; the Frenchman an eagle; the Italian a fox; and the Spaniard an elephant.

" In *the sciences*, the German is a pedant; the Englishman a philosopher; the Frenchman has a smattering of every thing; the Italian is a professor; and the Spaniard a profound thinker.

" *Magnificence* — In Germany the princes; in England the ships; in France the court; in Italy the churches; in Spain the armories are magnificent.

"*Husbands* (make the conclusion), in Germany they are masters; in England servants; in France companions; in Italy schoolboys; and in Spain tyrants."

I will readily grant you, my dear Madam, that one third of these singular characteristics is untrue, and sometimes absurd, but the other two-thirds I could vouch to be true. With regard to us Germans, we have the least reason to complain of the painter; if he had but omitted the horrid libel that we do not understand how to love, and that among us husbands are masters, we might then be well satisfied with him.

Now let us, if you please, walk further up this library suspended by threads; it borders on another of *musical productions*, which is followed by a third, consisting of pictures: among the musicals, you find all the new ariettas, duets, &c. from the most popular French

and Italian operas: among the pictures, a representation of every thing that is most interesting to the Parisians; for example, *Fanchon the lute girl;* the fine drum-major of the consular guard, with his enchanting whiskers; the First Consul's superbly dressed Mameluke, and of course the First Consul himself, in a thousand different attitudes, especially with his drawn sword in his hand, replanting the *cross*, Faith presenting him with a palm branch, and the other two Consuls by his side; or the beautiful Madame Recamier, with her face half veiled.

Plenty of caricatures are likewise to be met with here, and the king of England is at present the general mark at which the French direct the shafts of their satire, for which they are, however, not only more abundantly, but even more wittily, requited by their

transmarine neighbours; for it must be confessed, that among twenty French caricatures, there is scarcely one that has any claim to wit. Here you see the king between his good and evil genius, throwing himself into the hands of the latter: there an Englishman riding upon a Calcutta turkey; on the pommel of the saddle are wine hampers with bottles, and below is written, "the attack." The companion to this print is the *defeat*, where the same Englishman is seen flying on a fleet stag, losing his hat and tobacco pipe. Here the Duke of C—mbr—dge is driving the Hanoverian post-waggon, and behind it is a cask, on which is written *Hanoverian blood*; there an army of frogs, whose general wears British regimentals, and rides on a lobster, while a Frenchman takes up one frog after the other, and cuts them in two with his broad sabre. Sometimes

the caricature makers place an illustrious personage in the flames of hell, while the devils trim the fire round him, and below is inscribed, *We have got him at last.* At other times, an elephant is laying hold of the king's cup, and dashing it with his trunk into a well; on the cup is to be read this inscription, *Thou must go to pieces after all.*

In some of these wretched productions, Mr. Pitt is represented riding on his m--j--sty's back, on the sea shore, peeping at the French ships in the offing; here the sovereign leaps over the channel, and in his jump loses his crown; there he picks up a number of paper cases, on which the names of his dominions are written, but unable to hold them all, he lets some of them fall. Hanover is already on the ground, Ireland just tumbling, and Malta appears very loose. Here the English are seen flying

before a cloud of dust, raised by a flock of sheep; and there Mr. Pitt exercising his troops, all of whom have pigs heads. The caricature which may perhaps be called the wittiest, is the following: a maker of trusses for ruptures presents the king with a new truss, on which is written, *observation des traités*—the observance of treaties. At his majesty's feet lie two broken bandages, one bearing the inscription *forces navales*, or naval forces; the other *levée en masse*, raising in a mass. Thus you see that politics are the axis round which every thing turns. A few of these distorted figures only attack the manners of the English; such as, for instance, the *English family in Paris*, where a huge, clumsy Englishman, stuffed with roast beef, leads two stiff misses by the arm, who make a very awkward courtesy, &c. &c.

Hence it appears, upon the whole, that no doubt is entertained as to the success of a descent upon England; and if you will not credit the printsellers, you may bestow your belief on that fellow, who, surrounded by hundreds of hearers, is singing a ballad, describing to a tittle all the occurrences of the *future landing*. If you wish to hear his vain, bombastic prophecies, permit me, in the mean time, to go to that statuary's barred yard, which is so full of busts and statues, of marble or stone, good and bad, that there is scarcely a narrow winding foot-path left to the artist's door; nor am I ashamed to stop before this shop with children's play-things, where Fanchon, the lute player, again performs a distinguished part, and where I observe a circumstance which is quite a riddle to me—viz. that the French, who are so fond of toys, are far

behind the people of Nuremberg in inventing and fabricating children's toys; and the Nurembergers again are perhaps as much excelled by the people of Berlin.

If you are by this time tired of the squalling of the ballad singer, we will saunter about the garden of the Capuchins, where there are tigers and monkeys, where Franconi exhibits his equestrian feats, where the spirits appear at night, and where, in a word, a thousand different spectacles are to be gazed at from morning till night. Here stands for a moment a portable booth, hung with old carpet, in which my dear Punchinello is very amiably fighting with the devil. Two hocus-pocus men attract crowds on both sides; one by *cups*, the other by tricks with *cards*. A much greater concourse of people gathers round a man whose whole appara-

tus consists of a chafing-dish full of glowing charcoal, and about half a dozen small pieces of asbestos. He begins with an impressive account of the expedition to Egypt, whilst his neighbour represents at the same time in his show-box, to those who like to see it, what heroic exploits were achieved by his assistance in that country against Mamelukes and crocodiles, and how he once stripped one of the slain men of his shirt, and found that it did not consist of linen as usual, but of a fossil fabricated into cloth, which the Egyptians use for the sake of convenience, as they need not wash or dry their shirts, but only throw them into the fire in the evening, and take them out again in the morning, as white as snow.

In order to impress on the minds of his hearers a conviction of the truth of what he says, he seizes one of the needles, to which he has fastened a small

bit of asbestos, and turns it round in the mud till the original colour cannot be distinguished; he then throws it into the chafing-dish, and while it is glowing continues to harangue his audience for a few minutes longer, when he draws it out of the fire, and to the great astonishment of all the spectators, quite purified by the fiery element.

One of my neighbours, who seemed to be a wit, compared his whole process to the French revolution, which likewise arose pure, new, and brilliant, out of the glowing fire. I wish with all my heart, that nobody could dispute the truth of this assertion.

LETTER IV.

The strong woman who is to be seen in this hut of planks, is still more disgusting than the female with the long

black beard. With the latter pity gains the upper hand; for how can the poor creature help her, being obliged to wear a beard so immensely long; but with the former disgust and indignation get the better of compassion. The one merely obeys nature, the other sets her at defiance. She suffers three men to tread upon her body, which is stretched out in a hollow posture; she suffers iron to be forged upon it, and exhibits other *tours des forces*, from which you, my dear, very properly turn away. But how can I help it? You must creep with me into another hut of this kind to see the incombustible Spaniard, who really excites as much horror as admiration. Do you see that jar of oil, bubbling and boiling over a coal fire; the young man, who takes it off, drinks a hearty draught of its burning contents without distorting a feature, rinses his mouth for a

long time with it as if it were fresh water, and spits it out still boiling; he then, with the remainder of the oil in the pot, washes his hands, arms, face, and even eyes, which, however, he shuts. Having been purified by the fire, like the asbestos, he takes a walk, by way of change, with his naked feet upon a piece of red hot iron, and to refresh himself, he even licks the glowing metal with his tongue. If this poor youth be equally insensible to the flames of love, he is doubly to be pitied. All this is no imposture, but really happens as I have now related; but whether, as some assert, he causes a kind of salamander-ointment to be rubbed into his skin, which is not to be perceived, I shall leave undetermined.

To efface those unpleasant impressions, let us for a few minutes step before this little fortress, of which you

find many patterns on the Boulevards. It is a new kind of game at ninepins, at which you see not only boys, but even respectable looking citizens delight to play. It is, indeed, preferable to the usual game, as it takes up much less room, and may be removed from one place to another. This little fortress is of about the height of a man, built in the form of an amphitheatre; below it has a drawbridge, over which the walls are gradually raised, and on them a number of soldiers stationed at intervals. Eight or ten yards from the fortress a wooden mortar (or even a cannon) is planted, from which, as with the children's guns, a ball is discharged. The force of the mortar is calculated exactly according to the distance, from eight to ten paces. The skill in this play consists in taking so good an aim, as to knock down one or more soldiers at

once, or even in accurately hitting the very centre, in which case, the drawbridge falls, and by means of the spring, which has been touched by the ball, a state coach with six horses comes out; in others a white flag is hoisted at the top of the fort; the ball is lost within, and comes out again at the bottom. This pretty game has manifold advantages over the common game at ninepins; it can be exhibited in the smallest garden, nay even in any room in the least spacious. It requires but trifling bodily exertion, so that even ladies may play. It is interesting, because the aiming and hitting premises a certain dexterity and practice; in short, by describing this game, I hope to have furnished a pleasing supplement to the gymnastic games.

Decorum not permitting us, my dear friend, to partake of this game, on the

Boulevards, we had better look a while at those poor little Canary birds, who are instructed in yonder booth in all sorts of arts directly contrary to their nature. Here one turns a spit, another drives his fellow in a wheelbarrow, a third stands sentry with his gun, sword, and grenadier's cap; a fourth does not stir from his master's shoulder, though he beats the drum loud enough to make one run away; a fifth fires a cannon, the burning cork of which knocks a sixth down from the table, and leaves him on the ground for dead; a seventh sits in the very middle of a flaming wheel, as quiet and merry as if perched upon a rose-bush in his native island, &c. You have probably often seen such things in Germany, though not in equal perfection, but one observation relative to these birds, you have perhaps never heard. It was made by their teacher

and master, and affords matter of reflection. "The hen," said he, "certainly takes every thing much quicker than the cock, and I can generally render them very skilful at the expiration of a few weeks, but they soon forget and soon die." Methinks his argument respecting the feathered tribe may be equally applied to its tormentors, men; for if our *belles* learn moral or æsthetic arts, they do not indeed die of it, but their loveliness generally finds its tomb in them.

Having yet half an hour to spare, let us make use of it to see two celebrated fountains; the fountain in the *Rue Grenelle* is really very fine, but the street narrow, and obscure; the fountain has not a free exposure on all sides, and the great building is, besides, deformed by all sorts of signs. On the right is a large painted cow, because milk is sold

there; on the left is a carpenter's sign, &c. To me (pardon the heresy if it really be one) it will always appear ridiculous to raise such a building with two wings to the height of three stories, to decorate it with columns and statues, and all this on account of the two lions heads below, a few feet above the ground, which you do not even perceive, because there is no stream of water, but what little remains must be brought up by pumping.

Of the inscription, which is for the most part erased, only these words remain: "For the use of the citizens, and for the ornament of the city." The conclusion alone is true, and that only in part. This end might have been obtained much more splendidly in another manner.

We have still a long way to the other fountain in the Market of the Innocents,

Marché des Innocens; I shall therefore quickly conduct you by the infamous *Abbaye*, which you will recognize by its small distant turrets at the corners. In the inner part of the court the windows are secured in a manner so singular, and cruelly inventive, that the prisoner can absolutely see nothing, though a little light comes in at the top. The windows resemble a box in which caterpillars or cockchafers are shut up, the covers of which are placed slanting, that these animals may have just a little air. Here is the door, out of which the victims were thrown during the epoch of terror; here we stand on the spot, where the lurking cannibals received and tore them to pieces; this is the kennel where human blood flowed like water. O! let us hasten away! it is a terrible spot! and I would not even accept of a palace as a gift, if it were fac-

ing the Abbaye, though a more modern inscription says that it is now used only as a military prison.

Now we are in the *Marché des Innocens*. The fountain may be fine when the water flows; but it is still worse than that in the *Rue Grenelle*, as not a single drop can be pumped out, it being quite dry. The large bason, which stands at a considerable height in the centre, looks like a round tea-table, which has just been placed there, and forms an odd contrast with the surrounding objects. Upon the whole, this monument is altogether extremely filthy, and out of repair. To indemnify you, however, for being disappointed in your expectation, please to cast a look on the fine market-place itself, which, by its spaciousness and bustling scenes, is far more interesting than that useless piece of architecture. There, in

numerous rows, monstrous fat women, called *Poissardes*, or fishwomen, are seated under large umbrellas, between eight and ten feet in diameter, forming, if viewed from above, a roof resembling that of the ancient Roman soldiers, when advancing with their shields thrown over their heads, in a manœuvre, called the *Testudo*. These umbrellas are not the property of those women, but hired (of whom I don't know) in the market for a few sous. Thus screened from the rain and the sun, you may here admire mountains of butter, shoals of fish, stores of eggs, towers of apples and pears, gardens of flowers, and vast quantities of grapes and other sorts of fruits, together with a party-coloured mixture of vegetables, among which the large dazzling, white, and neatly raised heaps of cauliflowers, afford a spectacle particularly pleasing.

Listen a little meanwhile to the energetic *patois* (gibberish) of the stout market women, an energy from which you have now nothing to fear; and if the view of so many dainties has created an appetite, let us quickly throw ourselves into a *fiacre* (hackney-coach), and drive to the *Restaurateur*.

MADAME RECAMIER.

To find a brood of caterpillars on a tender, modest flower is mortifying; to kill the vermin by fumigation is perhaps an efficacious remedy; but it sometimes injures the flower itself. So it is with the fair fame of a female, the most delicate of all flowers. It is more easy for that fair one to be happy of whom nobody speaks, than for her who is too much the topic of conversation; and even the most honest endeavours to defend her reputation, often serve only to

spread calumny the wider. For these reasons I have been hesitating whether I should notice and refute the scandal which several German journalists have dared to utter against the good and amiable Madame Recamier. And if I,—with the conviction that envy is always more prompt to credit a tale of scandal than a favourable truth—if I undertake her vindication, I am more powerfully impelled by my revolted feelings, than the hope of amending stubborn calumniators, who scorn to be corrected.

I have just called Madame Recamier good and amiable; most readers would probably have expected that I should rather have called her handsome. Why yes, she is handsome, very handsome indeed, and he who has seen her but little, will first praise her on this score: but as deformity vanishes before loveliness, so does beauty before virtue. We forget

the appearance of the beautiful rose, as well as of the brown fragrant Hesperidan rocket, in the relish of their delightful perfumes.

Upon my arrival at Paris, I was myself prepossessed against Madame Recamier; I thought I should find her a vain coquet, enveloped in clouds of incense, hardened by wealth, seeing and loving nothing in the world but herself, receiving homage as a duty with chilling pride; and to make a distinguished figure, throwing aside every thing decorous and becoming. Indeed, I don't know how many unfavourable things I was induced to conceive of her, owing to the calumnies contained in the public papers; I was therefore curious to see, without wishing to become acquainted with her. It was at the opera that my curiosity was first gratified. "There sits Madame Recamier," said a neigh-

bour, and I very naturally turned my head suddenly towards her box, which he pointed out. My eyes sought her in the front row, more brilliant in diamonds than in beauty; but there she was not to be found. Withdrawing from the public gaze, like a violet in the grass, this lovely female sat with her hair unadorned, in the plainest white dress, and the graces of modesty clung to her as to their sister. She seemed to blush at being so beauteous. This first appearance made a very favourable impression on me, and I was now glad to be introduced at her house. Even there, though in the midst of brilliant company, I found her the plainest of them all.—"You understand your advantage," says Franciscà in Lessing's play of *Mina von Barnhelm*, "if you are handsome, you are handsomest even without being finely dressed." Madame Recamier may

certainly know how to avail herself of this advantage; but who would construe this into coquetry? I, who know women pretty well, could wish, with all my heart, that this kind of coquetry were general. I never saw any thing whiter, finer, or more highly becoming, than the dress which, like a delicate cloud, usually envelopes Madame Recamier; there can be no way of dressing the hair more unassuming, yet more graceful, than in the numerous chesnut brown locks which often, even without looking in the glass, she artlessly unites under her comb. For many weeks, I saw her almost every day, but never decked with brilliants. You do not miss their lustre in her person, nor would they be perceptible if she wore them. Sweetness, loveliness, modesty, these are the three graces that surround her toilet. Sweetness is infinitely su-

perior to beauty. I know but one woman besides her on whose form this celestial sweetness has been so profusely poured. Awful respect forbids me to name her.

Madame Recamier is a friendly, attentive hostess, who knows how to please all her guests; in her house prevails an entire freedom from restraint; it is gladly and frequently visited by the principal officers of state, by poets, philosophers, literati, and artists. The lovely hostess, who has for several years acted a brilliant part in the fashionable world, was at first rather at a loss with respect to persons whom she considered as possessed of merit. Those who know mankind will likewise observe in the minor features of her character, that no partiality for external accomplishments can with her place what is truly valuable in the back ground; she even seems anxious to

conceal the former, as soon as she perceives the existence of the latter.

If I had nothing more to say of Madame Recamier, this alone would be a great deal; but how trifling are all those accomplishments when compared with the goodness of her excellent heart! Amidst the vortex of Parisian dissipations, she rigidly observes the duties of a wife towards an honest husband, who is old enough to be her father: even the most venomous tooth of calumny has not yet dared to assail her on this score. She has never been a mother; but tends, with maternal fondness, the children of a female relation, who love her with filial affection. She is warm, and perhaps even a little enthusiastic in her friendship; but on that account not the less constant, as her oldest friends have assured me. She is as prompt, and ready to make great sacrifices to her friends, as she is reluctant to offer them

trifling ones. While the happiness of a friend is not in question, but only his wishes and pleasures, she sometimes seems to neglect him without scruple, in order to entertain the company; but this is almost always done without premeditation. It is a fault partly congenial to the feminine character in general, and partly almost inseparable from a certain importance in a city like Paris.

Madame Recamier is religious without wishing to appear so. If she did not so often attend divine service, her beneficent actions alone would make you conclude that she is pious. She marks every day with fresh deeds of charity. I am well aware that a charitable gift, even of considerable value, is not to be deemed particularly meritorious on the part of the wealthy, but that the manner in which this gift is bestowed constitutes its merit, and, in this very point, *I* have found Madame Recamier inex-

pressibly amiable and noble-minded. That she should only have wished to make a vain parade of her beneficence in my presence, as envy would sometimes suggest, is impossible, from the very circumstance of my having had free access to her house every hour in the day, and having often been a very unexpected witness of her actions.

Never shall I forget the morning when I found her quite alone, with a deaf and dumb little girl, whom she had picked up in God knows what petty village, while taking an airing in her carriage. This child was for some time educated at her own expence; by her intercession she afterwards procured her a place in the excellent institution of the noble Sicard. The little creature had just then been sent to her, newly clothed, that she herself might introduce her to Sicard. She ordered a breakfast, which happened to be served on a marble table in the

splendid drawing-room, not far from a looking-glass, in which the little creature could see her whole figure, probably for the first time. The moving delight felt by her charming benefactress at the joyful surprise of this infant; the tearful smile with which she removed the child's hair from her face, and from time to time imprinted a kiss on her forehead; the maternal good-nature with which she encouraged her to eat, while she filled her pockets with the remainder of the sweet-meats; the inarticulate thanks which the child uttered in a most singular, yet most charming manner, by a kind of out-cry—in all this, there could surely be no art; and scenes like these I have witnessed *more than once!*

Those who envy this lovely woman, despairing of success in their attacks upon her *modesty* and *virtue*, endeavour, by a shrug of the shoulder, to undervalue her understanding. Indeed, if she

alone is to be called intelligent, who manages philosophy as readily as a pin, who talks of the arts in flowery language, who, without reflection, pronounces her opinion of all the modern productions of literature, who abuses men of merit and espouses parties, then Madame Recamier is not an intelligent lady. She is none of those fair ones who court publicity, who distribute colours among different corps of volunteers, under which they cannot themselves fight. But if sound reason, if an understanding untainted with prejudice, if pure sensibility for all that is noble and beautiful, wheresoever, or from whomsoever it originates, if a ready acquiescence in the sublime truths of nature, and in the charming illusions of art—if all this give a lady a title to a good understanding, Madame Recamier is a very intelligent lady; and, heaven grant! that, for the happiness of all husbands, and for the

advantage of feminine loveliness in general, ladies never were endowed with a brighter understanding. If I may be allowed to form a competent judgment on female understanding, this judgment deserves so much more to be depended upon, as, in the present instance, exclusive of my daily friendly intercourse, another opportunity of trial presented itself to me, in which neither women nor men can conceal the poverty of their understanding. I have been in the same carriage with Madame Recamier, between four and five hours, to take an airing, without any other company than her little charges, which did not much facilitate *conversation*. There is no medium that leads more securely to the knowledge of a person, and his intellectual powers (premising that he does not sleep), than such an unavoidable conversation in a carriage. In that situation the *understanding* must display

itself, and particularly if the travellers entertain friendly sentiments for each other; their confidential relation in the narrow vehicle likewise opens the heart to confidence, and, in one word, I should like to see that lady without understanding, who, after sitting for four hours facing me, should be able to impose upon me in that respect.

The last insignificant reproach which envy urges against my friend, is deduced from her love of splendour. That no such thing appears in her own person has been already mentioned; that her stair-cases resemble a garden of natural flowers, shews a delicate taste; that her apartments have silk drapery, bronze ornaments, chimney-pieces of white marble, large pier-glasses, &c. why, in heaven's name! does not this become a rich man? Real splendour (as far as its denomination is very relative) I found no where in her house, but rather *splen-*

did elegance; and even this only in a few apartments. An antichamber, two drawing-rooms, a bed-chamber, a study, a dining-saloon; that is all; and a lady of fashion elsewhere would scarcely be satisfied with it, were her wealth as considerable.

Another little trait deserves to be here mentioned, which proves how little Madame Recamier seeks to dazzle by splendour. In the above-mentioned excursion, we got before her door into a very plain, but, at the same time, a very commodious carriage, drawn by two horses. It was not till we came to the barriers of Paris, that we found an elegant phaeton with good post-horses. When I expressed my surprise, she told me, she did not like to ride through the town in such an equipage, as it made the people stare so: if this be vanity, it is, at least, of a very modest kind. After summing up all the features, here faithfully sketch-

ed and copied from nature, who is there that does not loudly own: "This picture is charming!"

But what do the German journalists say of her? They say, that while Madame Recamier was in England, her husband, at Paris, had hinted one day, that he had no intelligence from his spouse, upon which a wit sarcastically asked him: "Whether he did not read the newspapers?" Granting this anecdote to be true, how can Madame Recamier help it, if the English journalists catch at every trifle to fill up their columns? Is *she* the only one that is so treated? Do but read the Morning Chronicle, &c. &c. there you will often find a description of the dress which this or that lady wore at such or such a levee, or birth-day drawing-room.

The German writers pretend, likewise, that Madame Recamier, having given a ball one evening, retired to bed at twelve

o'clock, and received all her guests at her bed-side. Some part of this anecdote is true. The fascinating hostess was seized by a sudden and serious indisposition at that ball; but, too good-natured to interrupt the general hilarity, she secretly withdrew to her bed-chamber and retired to rest. Some of her more intimate female acquaintance waited on her there, and, from an occurrence so simple and natural, has been forged a tale of calumny.

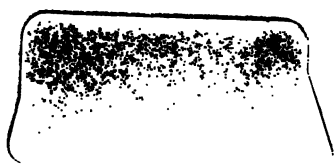
The same journalists maintain, finally, that the comedian Picard wrote a piece, in which this beauteous and excellent lady was satirized, and that her husband purchased the manuscript of the author for a valuable consideration in money. Honest Picard himself has authorized me to contradict this slander. He never had an idea of writing any thing against Madame Recamier; the only truth in the story is, that some sallies, in a per-

formance of his, having been construed into an allusion to that lady, merely to avoid similar apostrophes, that honest man, without any other motive or base subornation, withdrew his performance altogether.

A caricature of her was once published at Paris (I have this from her own mouth); she, without suspecting the circumstance, entered a printseller's shop, where the distorted satire was offered her for sale, without her being known: she was struck, but examined it with much composure. "Probably," she asked the printseller, "this is some person of ill fame?"—"Nay, God forbid!" hastily replied the vender of pictures, "it is a lady of the most spotless reputation." He then continued to load Madame Recamier with praises, and, impartial as they were, they easily consoled her for the bitterness of the libel she held in her hand. I could relate a

great deal more respecting her; many little traits, which are only discriminated by a practical observer, and which often enable him to cast sudden and penetrating looks into the heart. But there are many things which it would be improper in me to mention, because no friend has a right to expose to the public, as it were for shew, the domestic secrets of a family. What I have said is sufficient, I trust, to shame the newspaper writers, and to destroy every prejudice which might be entertained against Madame Recamier.

O! that she may yet long enjoy that happiness for which she is indebted far more to her heart, to her virtues, to her modesty, than to her wealth and personal fascinations.

END OF VOL. I.

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